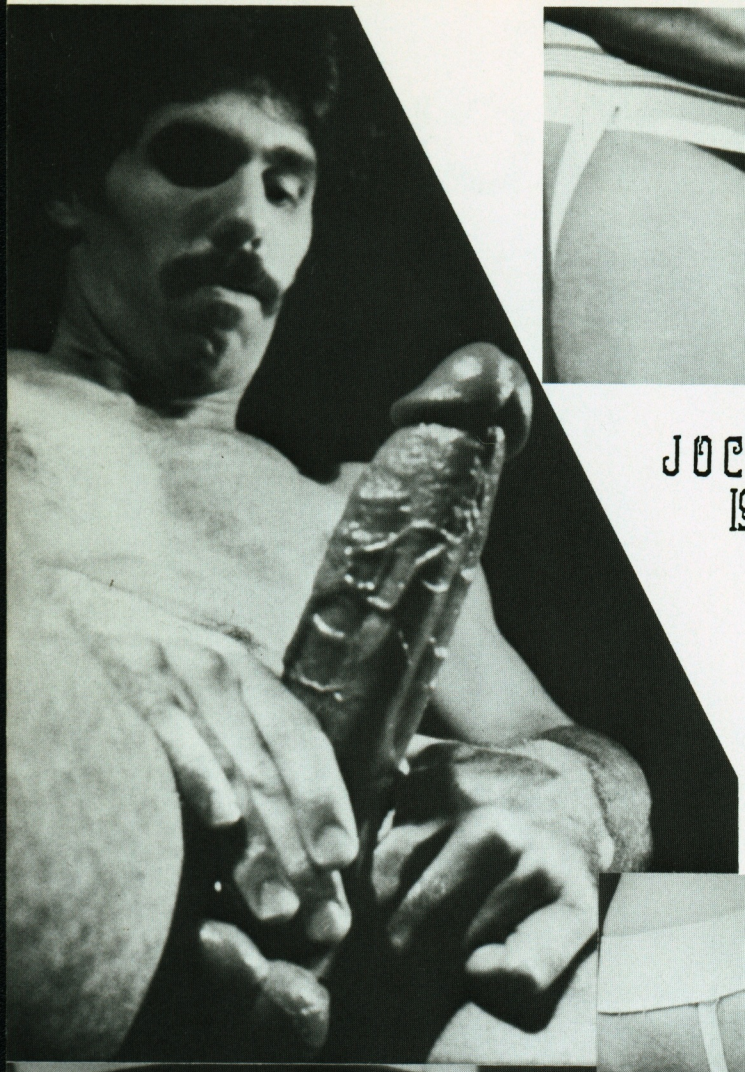
THE JOCKEY CLUB

VOL 1, NO 7



JOCKSTAPE
IS HERE!

TOP QUALITY VIDEO
JOURNEY THROUGH
THE HISTORY OF
JOCKSTRAPS & BRIEF
STYLE UNDERPANTS

Cover and inside cover by MANCO

SUMMERTIME ISSUE

2 PUBLISHER'S CORNER
4 CALIFORNIA VACATION
5 BOB
9 HANS
13 READER'S PHOTOGRAPHS
15 JOCKEY CLUB REPORTS
17 THE SPEEDO KID
23 GREG
28 JUNIOR JOCK JUNKIE
33 LETTERS

THE JOCKEY CLUB
DAVID WHITE
-PUBLISHER
BILL JORGENSEN
-EDITOR
VINCENT CARR
-ASSOCIATE EDITOR
MANCO
-ART DIRECTION
SCOTTY FITZGERALD
-PROJECT MANAGER

JOCKEY CLUB, Vol. 1, No. 7, July 1986, is published monthly by Joint Venture, 3960 Laurel Canyon Boulevard, # 446, Studio City, California, 91604. Copyright 1986 by Joint Venture. All rights reserved on entire contents. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or part without the written permission of the publisher. The publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited materials. All photos in this publication were posed by professional models, except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict the actual conduct or personality of the models. All models are over eighteen years of age. No data on models will be released. Any similarity between real persons and characters depicted in fiction or semi-fiction herein is purely coincidental.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER

Summer! Time to wear the least amount of clothing possible. Swim trunks of all styles are featured in the newpaper ads. For some of us, these ads can be a turn-on. Just seeing a stud wearing tight Speedos is enough for me to grab the sissors and start clipping for my collection.

Most of us have a collection of some kind of fetish photos. Mine contains everything from wet levis to full erections in skimpy nylon briefs.

When Jockey Club began, I thought we'd successfully cover all areas of male underwear, swim trunks and jockstraps. But, Any publication which subscribes to a single fetish will never become a major magazine because there are so many sexual fetishes. The concept foundation of Jockey Club Magazine is to bring stories and photos together in a large format monthly magazine dedicated to undergear, swimgear and gymgear. What we have found is interesting.

Guys who are turned-on by Jockey Shorts are not necessarily turned-on by a tight jockstrap. And, Guys who like jocks are not necessarily turned-on by a guy in briefs. The same goes for the swimgear set. Some guys are turned on by all of these while some are not.

So, how do we please all the people all of the time? Our mail tells us "...more briefs! Stick to the title of the Club!" Another recent letter just had four letters printed on a sheet of paper; NO MORE JOCKSTRAP PHOTOS! Another reader wrote,"...I love your magazine. It has become an important part of my life. You don't know the misery I go through waiting for my next issue. Sometimes, I stay home on weekends just to wait for the mail, hoping the next issue will be here. Could you tell me how much more it

would cost to have it sent to me airmail? Can I subscribe only to the issues that have Fruit of the Loom full frontal photos of 18 year old blonds who don't have acne?"

So, we've come to the conclusion that all of us share the fetish for some type of male clothing. The variety would financially prohibit dedicating a seperate magazine for each interest. There is a limited number of people who each share a particular interest. We really want to do a good job and keep to the general area of briefs, jocks and snug swim trunks. The question that comes to mind is how do we please each of you with every issue? Write us and let us know. If you don't find what you're looking for in this magazine; Write to us. Only through your letters will we be able to improve and give you more of what you want.

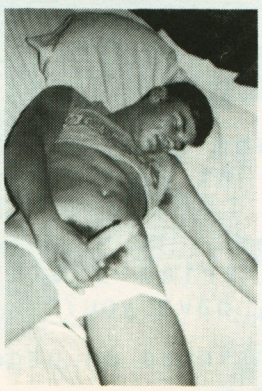
The first magazine dedicated to undergear was called CLOTHESDICK. It failed after six issues. Like Jockey Club, it began as a black & white full size magazine. But, after just a couple of issues it was published with full color cover and became extinct before the year was out.

The best magazine available for undergear, swimgear and gymgear worshippers was started in Texas. **Brief Notes** moved to California about two years ago. The magazine is of great interest to me. Brief Notes publishes six times a year. Jockstrap publications abound. The monthly magazine JOCK was geared toward the term for the athlete rather than the garment. There are several jock mags at most adult book stores.

Guys into swimgear have had to rely on "quick-strip" pool scenes on videos, TV swim meets and diving championships. That is until the we printed our Swimsuit issue. What more would you like?

David White, Publisher

A VERY DIFFERENT STUDIO WITH A VERY DIFFERENT PRODUCT



MANCO is a studio devoted to the erotic possibilities of jockstraps, underwear, and gym gear. We bring you swimmers stripping, football players getting off, and guys at home acting out their private fantasies. If you ever watched the guy next door strip to his shorts getting ready for bed and were teased beyond ordinary lust—we will show you what happens after the shades are down and the shorts come off. Hundreds of photo sets are available on many different guys and now two hot videos! Each video is approximately 90 min. with 4 hot guys using, abusing and playing with gym gear or underwear.

Video #5.....$55.00

SOLOS—Watch four hot guys as they strip and then play with underwear, jockstraps, and themselves 'til they shoot hot loads of cum. Mark, a hot Marine; Jeffery, a tall 6'5"; Cliff, a hot 18 year old blond; and Adam, a smiling solid hunk. 2 hours long.

Video #6.....$55.00

DUOS—Mark is a hot Marine and Wes is his cute roommate. Watch them as they tease each other, pose and strip for each other, and then "get it on." Rob and Ray are lovers and that is what is striking about this segment. Their love comes across strong as they strip and then bring each other off. 2 hours long.

Video Info Only.....$1.00
Postage for Each Video.....$3.50
State VHS or BETA Format
Photo Set Info Only.....$4.00

Calif. Residents add 6½% Sales Tax
All Models Over 18 Years Old
Offer Void in Tennessee

MANCO
6520 Selma Ave., #591J
Hollywood, CA 90028
State over 21

KEN'S JOCKSHOP

CALIFORNIA VACATION

BY DAVID WHITE

The sign in the window of Ken's Jock Shop read, "On vacation - will return August 2."

Ken had packed his camper and was off to the West Coast. The last eighteen months of the responsibility of owning the sportswear shop had prevented him from taking much time off. On his way to California he had stopped to visit Ernie Henderson in Tulsa. Henderson had sold Ken his business several months earlier and had moved to Tulsa to live with his brother.

Ken reached Las Vegas late on Thursday. He decided to stay overnight and drive on to LA in the morning. The next morning, Ken was having breakfast at the Desert Inn's coffee shop. Seated beside of him at the counter was a young guy who began conversing with Ken. The kid had just turned 18 and was on his way to Los Angeles to visit his older brother. He had blond hair and blue eyes. He was **right-off-the-farm**. "A real hay seed," Ken told himself. His name was Denny. He was about five feet and eight inches tall. His frame was solid muscle. Ken could see his smooth chest through his unbuttoned and parted shirt.

Ken offered the boy a ride to Los Angeles in his big Open Road van. The boy anxiously accepted. Ken had studied the crotch of the boy's tight cut-off 501 Levi jeans. "Just right for the picking," Ken said to himself.

"What kind of business you in, mister?" Denny asked.

"I own a sportswear shop, Denny. We sell sporting goods and things like swim trunks and jock straps, too. You got yourself a real good build. I bet you'd look great in a pair of Speedos, Denny," Ken said.

"I don't know, I ain't never wore those. I wear the baggy boxer style of swim suit," Denny replied.

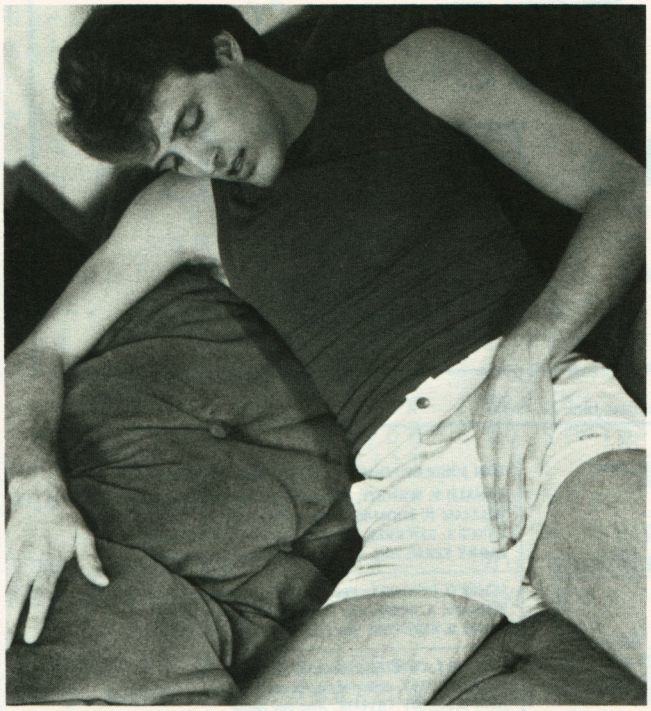
"Don't tell me you wear boxer underpants, too..." Ken said.

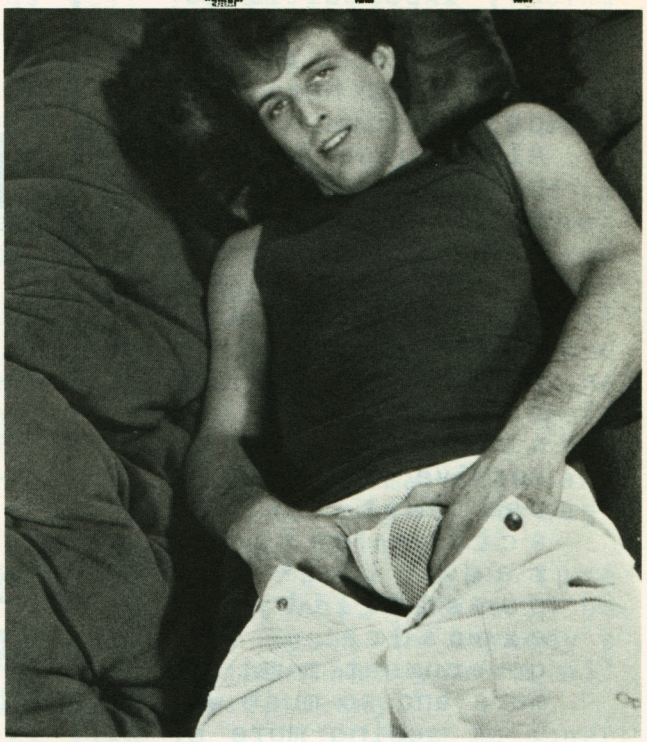
"Yeah, a lot of boys in Iowa do. I always wanted to try the Jockey kind. I think they look neat but Ma always made boxers for us. Do most city boys wear the Jockey kind?"

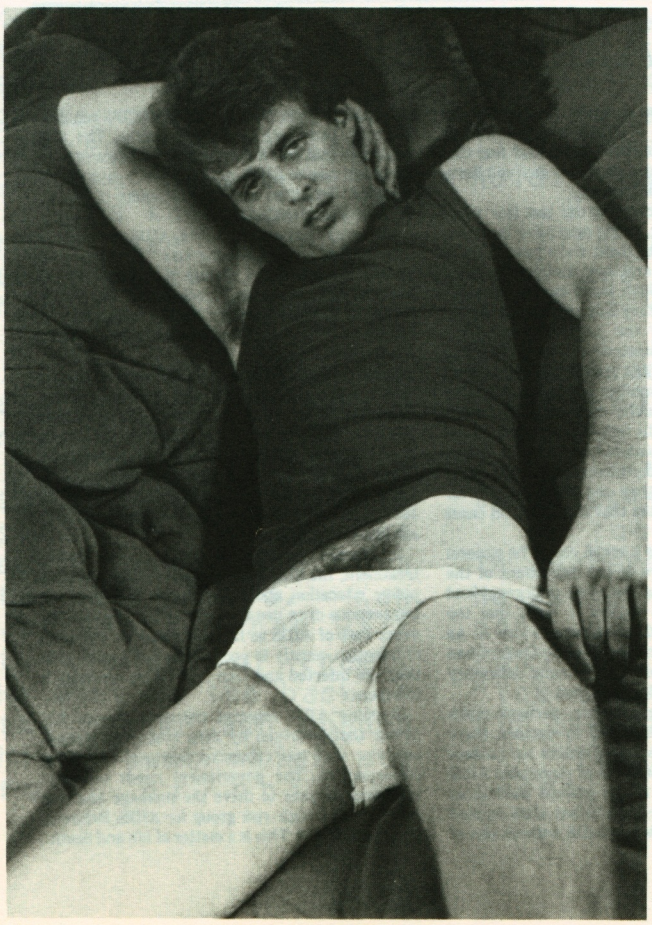
Ken glanced over at the boy's crotch. He could see the outline of the boy's soft cock through the denim. "Sure, a lot of them wear briefs and a lot of them wear sexy little bikini styles. I bet you never tried a bikini style, have you?"

Continued on page 7

PHOTO-EROTICA "BOB"







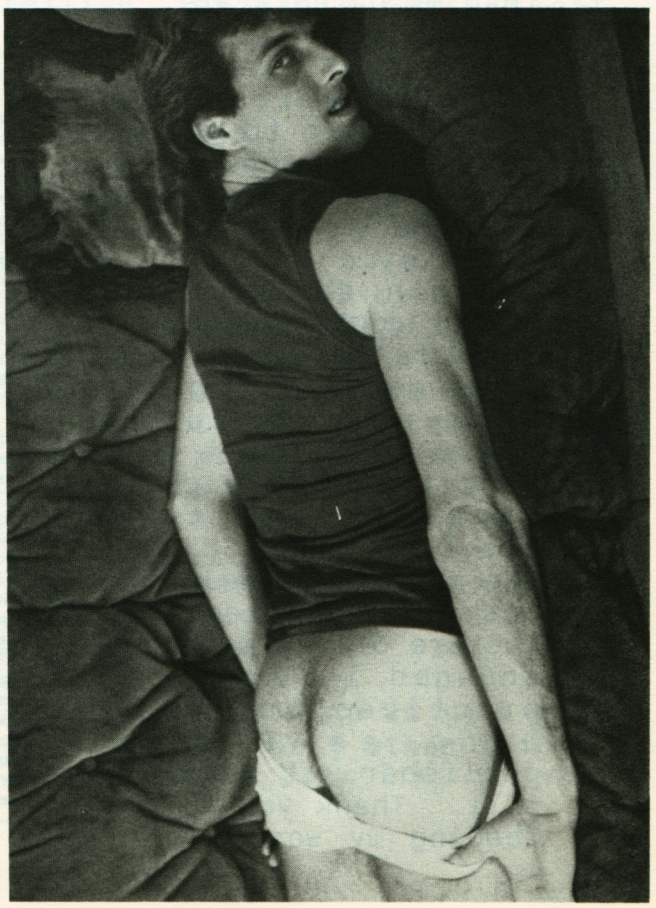


Photo sequence by JOCKEY CLUB

This editorial appeared in the June 23, 1986 edition of the Los Angeles Times. It is reprinted Here with permission. The AIDS epidemic must be stopped. JOCKEY CLUB urges every member to only practice **SAFE SEX!** Please, avoid anal intercourse. If you simply can't; use rubbers. If gay society is to survive, then all of use must take an active part in reducing the possibility of exposure. The government must do more and so must we. I am seeing more of my friends dying than my parents are. Our company attorney is dying of aids as of this writing. When I went to his beside and asked if there is anything I could do, he said, "There is nothing you can do for me except contribute to AIDS research..." Please, I urge everyone of our members to contribute to aids research and to practice **SAFE SEX!** Our monthly magazine has never printed a picture of any model engaged in unsafe practices and as long as I am publisher, it never will. Thank you for reading my words.

JOCKEY CLUB THANKS LOS ANGELES TIMES

Los Angeles Times
A Times Mirror Newspaper

Publishers
HARRISON GRAY OTIS, *1882-1917*
HARRY CHANDLER, *1917-1944*
NORMAN CHANDLER, *1944-1960*
OTIS CHANDLER, *1960-1980*

TOM JOHNSON, *Publisher and Chief Executive Officer*
DONALD F. WRIGHT, *President and Chief Operating Officer*
WILLIAM F. THOMAS, *Editor and Executive Vice President*
VANCE L. STICKELL, *Executive Vice President, Marketing*
LARRY STRUTTON, *Executive Vice President, Operations*

JAMES D. BOSWELL, *Vice President, Employee and Public Relations*
WILLIAM A. NIESE, *Vice President and General Counsel*
JAMES B. SHAFFER, *Vice President, Finance and Planning*

GEORGE J. COTLIAR, *Managing Editor*
ANTHONY DAY, *Editor of the Editorial Pages*
JEAN SHARLEY TAYLOR, *Associate Editor*

AIDS Alarm Bell

Perry Ellis, a fashion designer, dies at the age of 46, and the cause of death is announced as encephalitis. No one mentions AIDS—for fear that the knowledge that a designer was gay will harm future sales of his line of clothing.

This is no isolated case. In the last few years many relatively young, single men have died premature deaths. Some of them were prominent in the arts or other fields, and their deaths were noted in obituary articles, which listed cancer or pneumonia as the cause—if they said anything at all.

No one can blame the individuals or their families in these circumstances. The patient has suffered through a terrible illness that ended in an early death, and the families are understandably reluctant to make a public declaration of homosexuality on top of it. In fact, in deference to the sensibilities of AIDS patients and their families, at least some private physicians are not reporting all of the cases that they see. The Centers for Disease Control estimates that 20% of AIDS cases go unreported.

But this reticence has a social cost. The general public remains unaware of the full extent of the AIDS epidemic, blunting the sense of urgency and the political consensus needed to insist that the government do more to find a way to stop it. As of last week, the Centers for Disease Control had listed 21,726 cases of acquired immune deficiency syndrome, of whom 11,815 have died.

The actual figures are higher, perhaps much higher. Besides underreporting by doctors, there is also undercounting by the Centers for Disease Control itself, whose definition of reportable AIDS is narrower than the actual clinical cases that occur. Some patients die of so-called AIDS-related complex—or ARC—which is AIDS without one of the opportunistic diseases that the CDC requires. In truth, these are also AIDS deaths. The CDC estimates that there may be 8 to 10 cases of ARC for every case of AIDS, but the agency says that its "tighter" definition ensures uniformity of reporting throughout the country.

Any way you count it, the AIDS epidemic is spreading at an accelerating rate. "We have been unable to control the spread of infection in the homosexual population," said Lewis H. Kuller, professor of epidemiology at the University of Pittsburgh. "The mortality and morbidity of AIDS continue to increase."

Until a few months ago about 60 new cases a month were occurring in Los Angeles County. Since March, however, there have been more than 100 new cases a month. Nationally, the Public Health Service predicts that as the disease spreads beyond New York and California—its primary locations so far—it will cause 179,000 deaths by 1991, and will be more common among heterosexuals than it has been.

In the absence of a vaccine or any effective treatment, the only way to combat AIDS remains public education about the sexual practices and intravenous drug use that spread the disease. For every case of AIDS so far, there may be 100 cases of infection, mostly in people who don't know that they are infected and who may be transmitting it to others.

Stopping AIDS requires changing private behavior that is driven by deep biological urges—behavior that has enormous personal and social consequences. The government needs to spend whatever it takes to drive the message home to everyone in a high-risk group for AIDS: Behavior must be changed. This is a matter of life and death.

"No. I think my buddies would laugh at me if they saw me wearin' one of those. I always wanted to see how they fit. Do you sell a lot of them?"

Ken said, "Sure, we sell a hell of a lot of them. I bet you'd like the feel and fit of them. I have some in the drawer beside the bunk. Why not go back and try some of the different kinds?"

"Yeah, I'd like to do that. Maybe we'd better wait till you stop, though."

"We'll stop at the next rest area," Ken told Denny.

About a hundred miles out of Las Vegas they were just leaving the desert and getting into the mountains. Ken drove the Van off the freeway and drove a few miles into the grassy mountains. He parked the van in a grove of trees.

He knew he had to had to see this boy in every piece of gear he had in his drawer.

"This looks like a nice place to take a rest," Ken said.

"Yeah, I gotta take a leak," Denny said. He opened the door and jumped down to the ground. Ken watched the boy walk to a clump of trees. He went to the back of the camper and opened his drawer which was full of briefs, jockstraps, bikini briefs and even posing straps. Then, he reached for his camera. "May as well try to get a few shots.." Ken said to himself.

Denny opened the camper door and stepped in. He smiled at Ken and asked, "Can I try on some of those things now?"

"Sure, try on these Jockeys." Ken watched the boy strip off his shirt and turn to strip off his pants and printed boxer shorts. Ken studied the boy's perfect bubblebutt. When the Jockey briefs were pulled over the butt Ken thought he'd never seen a boy's butt pack a pair of briefs like that before.

Denny was smiling when he turned around to face Ken. "These feel great. Feels like somebody's hand holdin' my crotch."

Ken studied the outline of the boy's cock and balls. The boy's cock was pointed up his left thigh. The cicumcised head of the prick showed clearly. Ken thought he could even make out the piss-slt.

"You look great in Jockeys," Ken said. He opened the bathroom door which revealed a full length mirror. "You should wear them all the time."

"Yeah, they fit great, Ken." Denny turned around and looked at his ass.

"See how they fit your butt. You'd look good in tight fitting pants if you wore those under them," Ken said. "Here, Denny, try on this white swim suit."

Again, Denny turned and skinned down the briefs and pulled the thin, skin tight latex material into place. He turned around and faced the mirror. "Wow! These are outragious. You can see my cock and balls right through these things"

"Yeah, you sure can, boy. There'll be no doubt in anybody's mind that you're all man, Denny."

"If I got a boner wearin' these, I'd probably burst right through them!" Denny said.

"I bet you would, too. You look sexy as fuck! You look like a centerfold in a woman's magazine, Denny. We ought to take a picture of you and send it to those magazines. Maybe we can get you a job in California as a male model," Ken said.

"Do you have a camera?" Denny asked.

"Sure, right here. Lets go outside and I'll take a few shots of you," Ken offered.

"Can we take some of these other things? I'd sure like to have

a picture in these Jockey underpants," Denny asked.

Ken scooped up several garments from the drawer and led the boy to an open, grassy area. They were in the middle of no where, so Ken wasn't worried about other people spotting them. He set his tripod and adjusted his camera while Denny watched.

He took several pictures of Denny. He had him pose in many different positions. He shot the boy wearing the white Speedos, the Jockey shorts, a posing strap and finally a pair of thin white nylon bikinis.

"These feel good. But, can you can see my dick and balls right through them. See, Ken?" Denny asked.

"That's what they want to see, Denny. You got a great looking butt and a terrific bulge...show them off!" Ken encouraged the boy.

Ken took a lot more pictures of Denny. Finally Denny asked,"Will you take some of me in those other underpants?"

"Which other ones, Denny?"

"The white ones in the drawer. I'll go fetch 'em." Denny walked into the camper and came back wearing a pair of white cotton Calvin Klein briefs. His deep tan, muscular body, slim waist, blond hair and blue eyes combined to make one of the sexiest boys Ken had ever seen. The briefs fit the boy perfectly. Again Denny's cock and balls were visable through the thin cotton.

Ken's breathing rate increased with his pulse rate. He had the boy pose in different positions again. In one pose the boy was to lean backwards thrusting his crotch forward. Ken showed the boy the pose but had to physically position him. He looked at the jutting crotch of the briefs and allowed the back of his hand to brush against the basket before turning toward his camera. In that instant an electrical shock rocked Ken's body. He took the photo and then told the boy to hold the pose while he shot another picture. This time he zeroed in on just the boy's bulging briefs. He became more excited as he looked through the lens and studied the crisp white briefs.

After the photo was taken, Denny walked over to Ken and helped him collapse the tripod. He told Ken,"These briefs feel really good. I really love the feel of them. Can I wear them all the way to Los Angeles?"

"Sure you can, Denny. You don't need to put your pants over them, just ride like that. Right now, I'd like a cold beer and a quick rest on the bunk."

Inside the camper, Ken stripped off his shirt, shoes and jeans. He was wearing a jockstrap under his jeans. Denny watched him closely. "I never seen anybody wear a jock under anything but gym shorts."

Ken smiled and said,"I like it when I'm driving. It lifts my balls off of the seat and keeps my ass cool."

Ken stretched out on the double sized bunk bed and motioned for Denny to relax beside of him.

"I bet you jack off a lot, Denny. Is that what made your dick so big?" Ken asked.

"Ahhh.. well... My brothers got big ones too. Even my little brother who's 14. He's gonna have a whooper when he's my age."

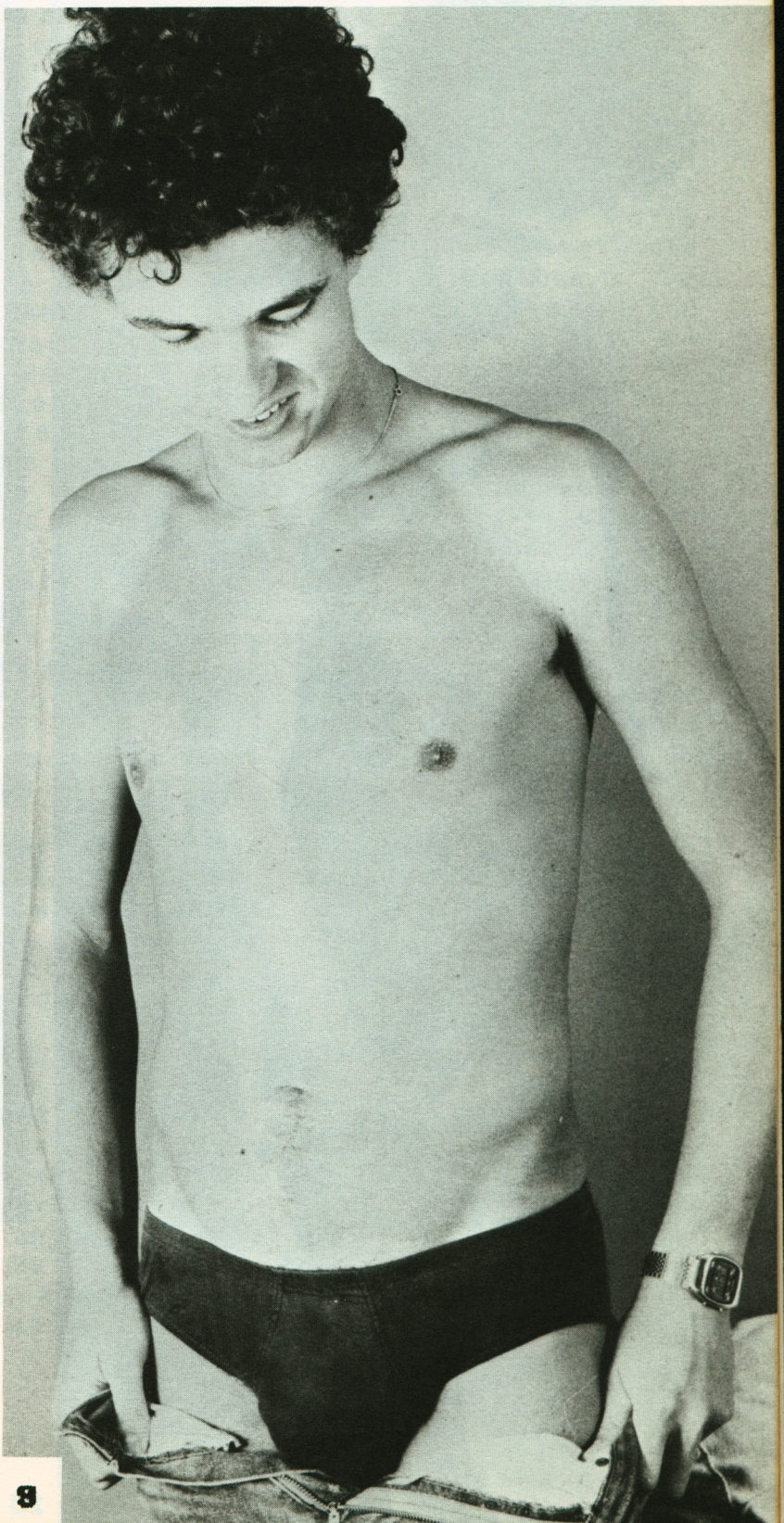
Ken smiled and looked at the crotch of the white briefs covering Denny's groin area. "Did you ever jack off with your brothers, Denny?"

"Yeah, we jacked off all the time. I could shoot the

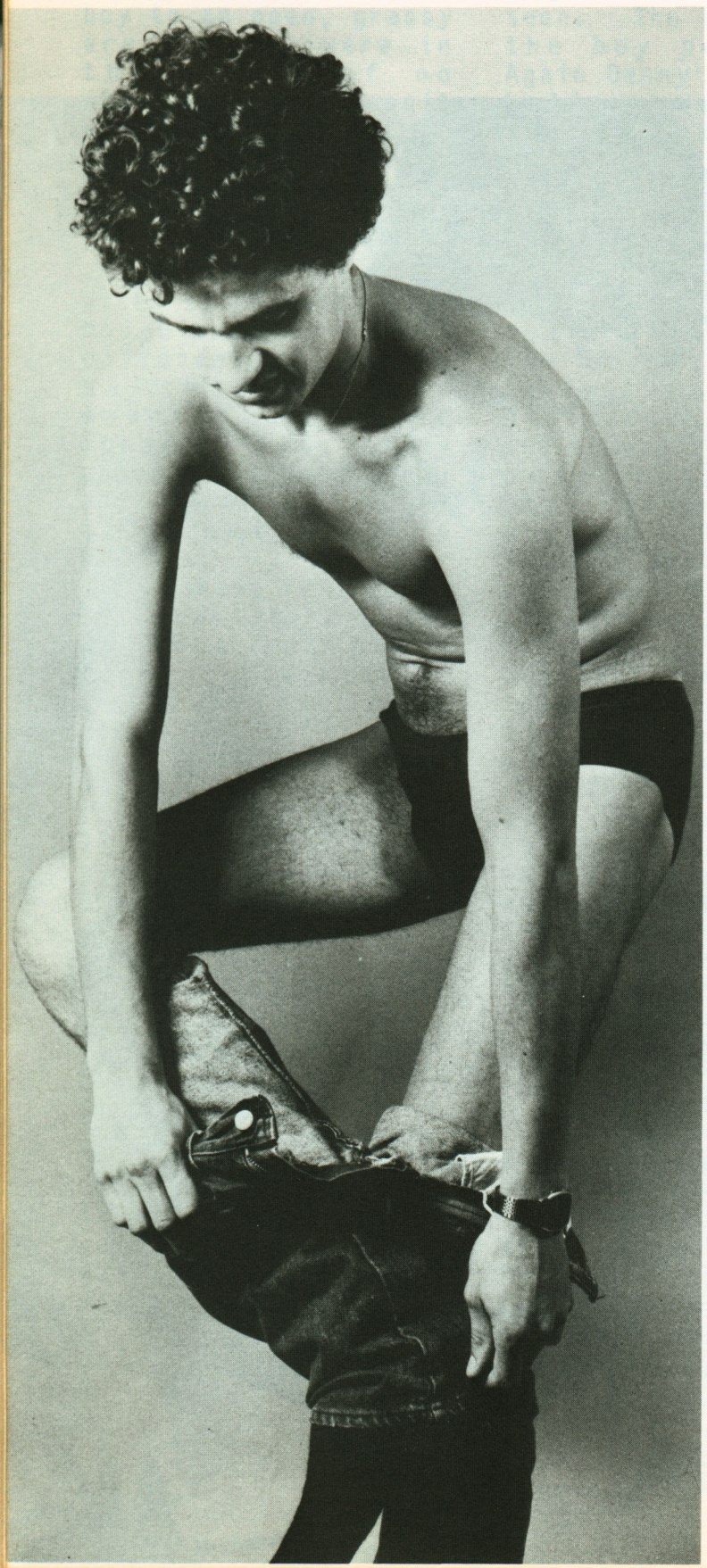
Continued on page 11

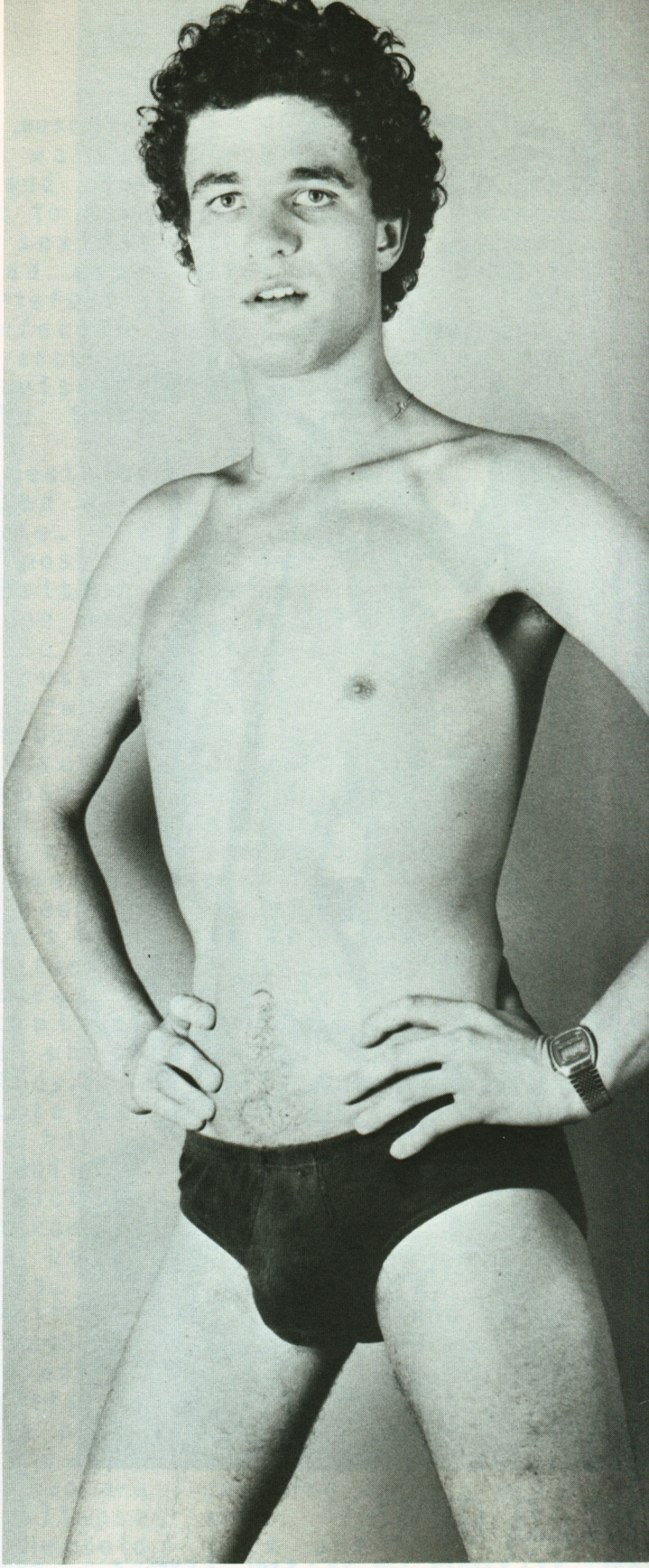
HELLO, GUYS:
MY NAMES IS HANS AND I AM FROM MUNICH. I GOT AN ISSUE OF JOCKEY CLUB WHEN I WAS VISITING A BUDDY IN LOS ANGELES. I

ENCLOSED SOME PHOTOS OF ME FOR YOU TO PUT IN YOUR MAGAZINE. I HOPE YOU LIKE THEM.



I AM 21 YEARS OLD. I LIKE TO WEAR OLD FASHIONED UNDERWEAR LIKE I HAVE ON IN THE PHOTOS.





I AM ESPECIALLY TURNED ON BY BUTCHY GUYS IN TIGHT BLACK UNDERPANTS AND MILITARY UNIFORMS.

furtherest. Nearly eight feet once. But, my balls were the biggest. Do you jack off, Ken?"

"Sure, every man jacks off. It's the only thing to do unless you gotta girlfriend or boyfriend."

Denny looked surprised and said, "Boyfriend?"

"Sure, didn't you and your brothers ever help each other out?" Ken asked.

"Ehhh..... I had this buddy, Timmy, in school. My brothers and me would go into the barn with him and he used to do things." Denny paused and then added, "You know, what I mean...he kinda put his mouth on our cocks."

"Did you like that a lot?" Ken asked.

"Sure, it was wonderful. Not like fucking Sarah Jane. I liked Timmy better," Denny said honestly.

Ken rolled onto his side and faced the boy. Denny's cock had lengthened and hardened inside the skin tight briefs. He looked into Denny's eyes and said, "Then you won't mind if I play around with you a little?"

"I was hopin' that's why you brought me up here. I really want to feel your jockey strap." Denny's sincerity was unquestionable.

Ken pulled the boy toward him. He was surprised to see the boy close his eyes and part his lips as if expecting a kiss. A kiss had never entered Ken's mind. He'd only been thinking of sex. Raw hot sex! But, he tenderly pulled the boy to him and their lips met. Ken closed his eyes as he felt the warmth of the boy's skin against his own bare skin. The moment their lips met Ken's heart began to pound. He had kissed a lot of other men but had never been so overwhelmed with affection before. The greatest wave of passion Ken had ever felt washed through his body and flooded his mind. Denny realized the same sensations. Denny knew that this would be the most special afternoon of his young life.

After a long kiss and a tender embrace, Ken slowly ran his hand down to the white cotton briefs. His whole body slipped down the tanned chest until Ken's face was buried in the bulging white cotton briefs. Ken wanted to please the boy more than he had ever wanted to please anybody in his life. He slipped his tongue against the white waistband and licked it. He tried to force his tongue inside the waistband but the elastic was just to tight against the boy's hard stomach. He leaned his face a few inches away from the briefs and let his hands grope and feel the teenager's hard cock through the briefs. He massaged and jacked the boy's dick until a drop of pre-cum juice oozed from the boy's piss-slit and stained into the cotton. The boy juices made the cotton material transparent. Ken looked at the cockhead encased in wet cotton, making out the dark spot which was the boy's piss-slit which was still oozing more and more pre-fuck jism. Ken's tongue reached out and scooped away the boy's juices and then it ran down the whole length of the boy-prick. He sucked at each ball. He raised the boy's legs into the air and bit at the cotton covering the young butt hole. Ken hadn't been one who enjoyed ass eating but this time it was different. The boy was different. He seemed so wholesome and passionate.

When Ken dropped the boy's legs and once again scooped up more jizz leaking from the boy's cock, he felt the boy shift around and his head

come to rest in Ken's jockstrap clad crotch. They straightened out, facing one another. Denny felt Ken's big man-cock through the stretched material. He had never seen a man's naked hard cock. But, he knew he was going to very soon. He decided to lick at the jock. He'd never sucked a man's dick. But, he was feeling something he'd never felt before. He was feeling a lot of things he had never felt before. But, foremost was a feeling of love toward the man who had befriended him. With all caution cast away, Denny pushed his face into the bulging jockstrap. The odors of masculinity filled his nostrils. It was a wonderful aroma to the boy. Soon his tongue was licking the cotton covered dick. A pool of Ken's pre-cum juice leaked through the jock and was captured by Denny's tongue.

The taste of Ken's jock juice caused Denny to completely lose control of himself. He pulled back from Ken's jockstrap and shouted, "I'm gonna do it...I'm gonna, cum." He thrust his brief covered crotch hard against Ken's face. Ken grabbed the elastic of the waistband of Denny's briefs and pulled it down, locking it under the youth's balls.

Denny's cock was like a pillar of solid granite as Ken wrapped a hand around it and pointed it toward his mouth. But, Denny's big cock blasted its first load of scaulding white hot cum all over Ken's face before Ken could get the creaming head into his mouth. Ken caught the second volley of jizz in mouth and the next one and the next one. Denny crying loudly in ecstacy as he unloaded his cum into Ken's mouth. Each squirt shot harder than the previous one causing Denny to thrash about on the bunk until the at last his head fell back and he relaxed.

Ken savored the boycum in his mouth as he crawled up Denny's body and straddled his face. Denny looked at the bulging jock pouch and stuck his tongue and open mouth against the wet sex juice-soaked pouch. Ken rubbed his jock covered cock and balls all over the boy's face and then released his hard rod through the side of the jock. He smeared his pre-cum dripping prick around Denny's face as the boy tried and tried to capture the oozing cock in his mouth. Without warning, Ken blasted his load of pent-up prick juice directly into the boy's open mouth filling it to over-flowing proportions with his rich creamy cum.

Denny tried to swallow but there was just too much jizz. It was running down his cheeks and chin giving him a thourough jism drenching.

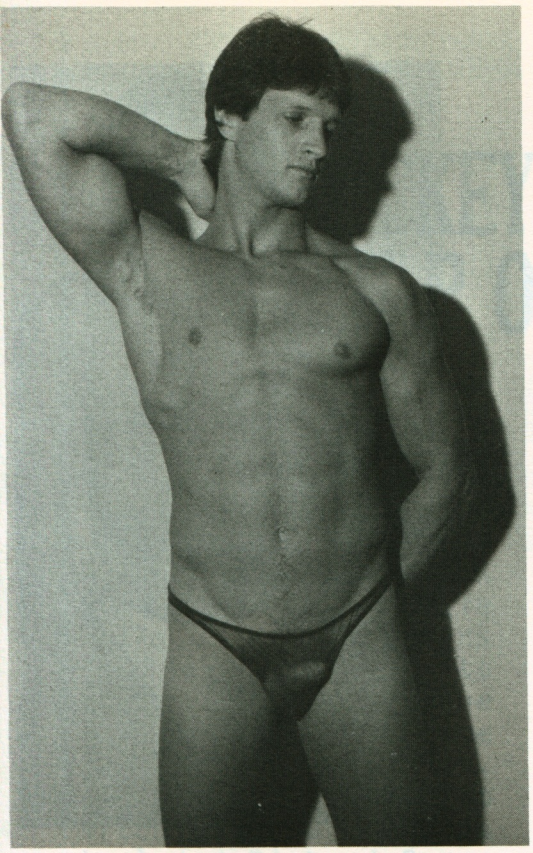
When Ken's breathing returned to normal and the spasms of orgasm subsided he looked down at the handsome jizz-covered face. He couldn't resist reaching down and kissing the boy. He grasped and hugged the boy as their mouths met. Their tongues poked deeply into each other's mouths mixing the remainder of their cum together. Then, they laid silently together for a few minutes.

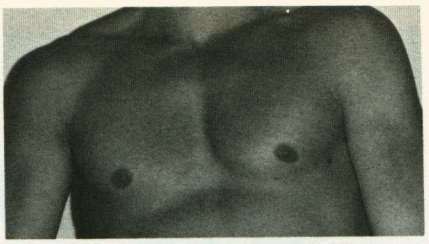
Denny was the first to speak. "Now I know why Timmy was so anxious to do this. This was the most wonderful time of my life, Ken. And, I'm glad yours was the first cock I sucked."

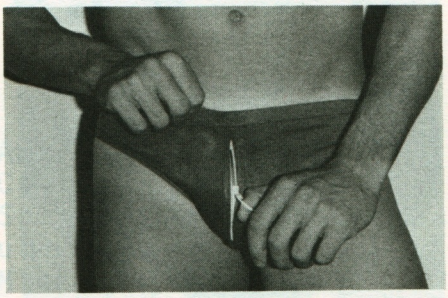
"Thanks, Denny. I think you and me are going to really enjoy this trip together. Now, why don't you put on some fresh shorts and lets get going to California."

Denny reached over and kissed Ken again.

The End



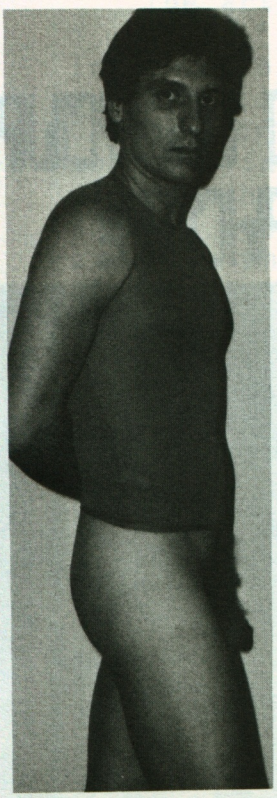


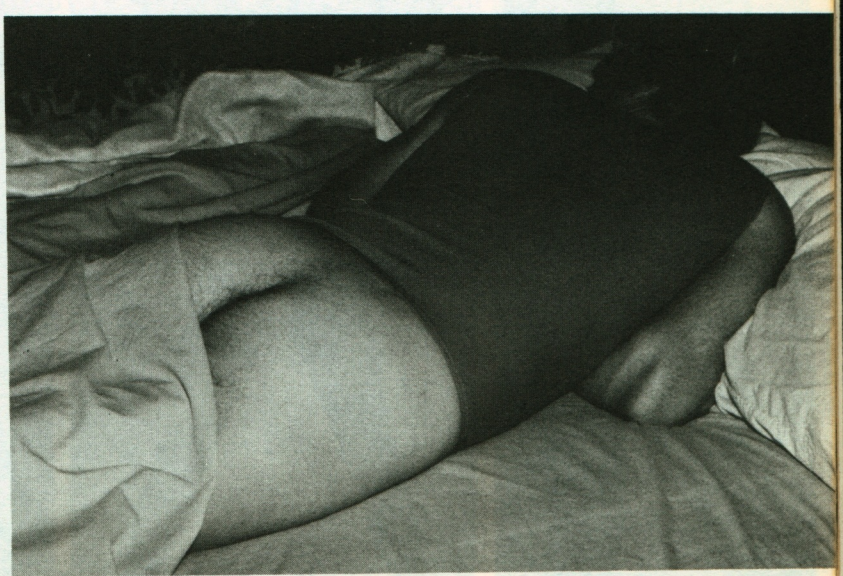


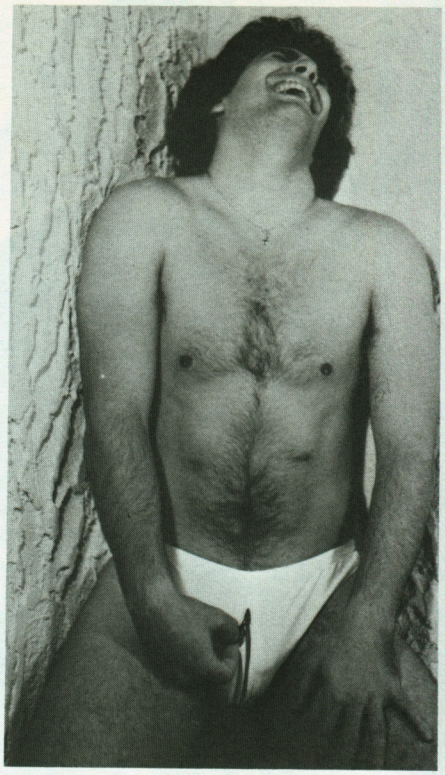
SOME PHOTOS FROM JOCKEY CLUB READERS!

THANKS, GUYS... KEEP'EM CUMING

DEAR JOCKEY CLUB:



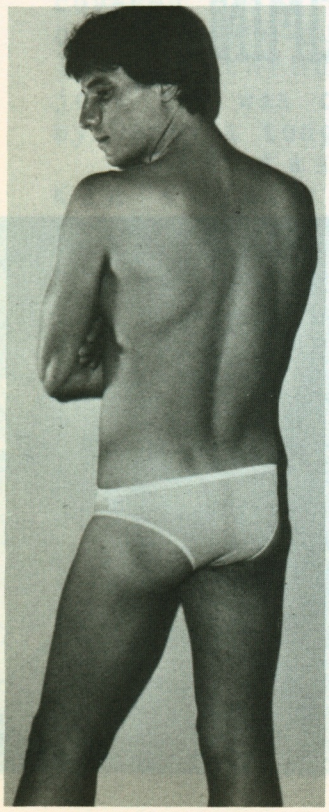


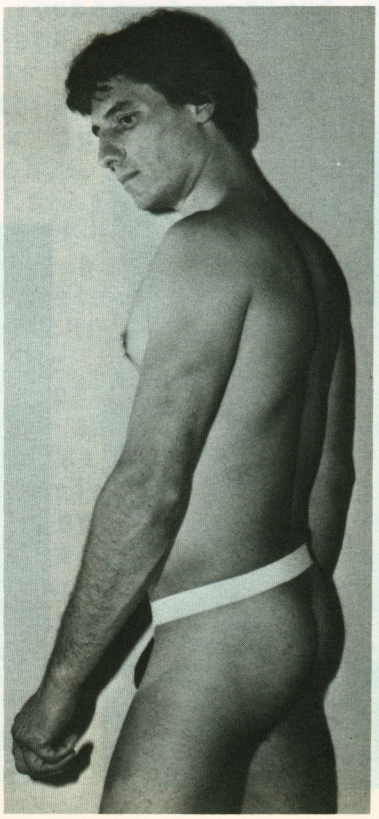


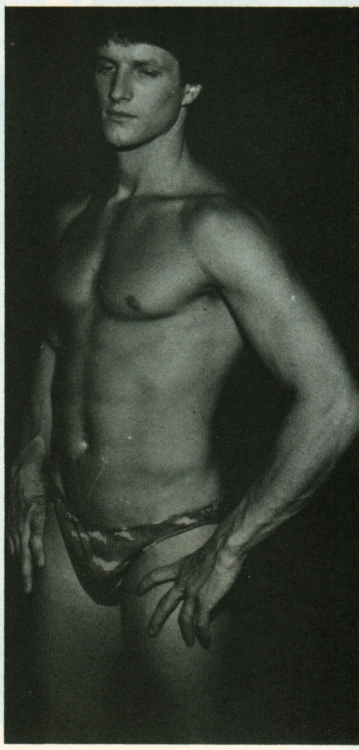
HIGH TECH BRIEFS AND JOCKS WORN BY SOME HUNKY

JOCKEY CLUB MEMBERS

SEND US YOUR PHOTO!







JOCKEY CLUB REPORTS

The June 2, 1986 issue of US Magazine carried a feature story UNDERWEAR EXPOSED. The article tells of various stars who have stripped to their shorts for the movie cameras and some who's about to do it. Olympic gold medalist Mitch Gaylord Photos included **Richard Gere, Duston Hoffman, Ron Reagan Jr. and Bruce Willis.**

The article points out, "Jockey International, which makes the Jockey Classic brief, claims to have invented the modern men's underwear in 1910 with a garment called the Kenosha Klosed Krotch - newly vented in the front for obvious reasons. In the last four years, Jockey has introduced men's boxers in colors, paisleys, tropical prints and tartan plaids - which account for fifty percent of the business."

Other interesting facts the article points out are: Tom Hintnaus, the first model who was plastered on billboards all over America in a pair of Calvins, often wears Speedo swimsuits for underwear, as does Mitch Gaylord..

Chippendale's is bringing out a line of their own. Manufactured by Nantucket Industries Inc. (which also makes Joe Namath underwear), the line should include (Suck in that gut!) G-Strings. "Everybody's going to be wear them," a Nantucket spokesman said.

In other news, Perry Ellis, the famous designer who just introduced his line of men's fashion underwear, died in New York.

The **Brief of the Month Club** of New York has joined **The Jockey Club** and is offering their hot Brief of the Month to our readers. You'll find an ad for them in this magazine. The operator of BOMC visited us the last weekend in May. He and his buddy spent four days preparing special offers for us to offer to readers. The day they left the owner, Bob, wore tight cotton slacks that showed off his brief-clad ass to the utmost and presented the upside-down Y of his Jockey shorts in the front of his slacks in a mouth-watering display. They are two of the hottest studs to visit us to date.

Once again, we are encouraging you to send us newspaper ads and magazine ads for underwear. We are framing them to cover our office wall. One reader sent us a page from his Canadian newspaper that blew our socks off! it is a color ad for Eaton full-fit briefs. One model is about 22 and the other about 17. BOTH ARE SPORTING FULL HARD-ONS tenting their briefs!

Canadian subscribers will suffer from the new tariffs placed on all magazines going into Canada. Jockey Club Magazine will cost them $112.00 a year and there is no assurance that Canadian customs will permit this magazine to reach the reader.

As we go to press, Jockey Club has two visitors from Germany staying with us for two weeks. They are going to be publishing JOCK CLUB, the European version of THE JOCKEY CLUB. I guess you could say we're having a **brief** foreign affair. I'm so corny I should be husked.

JOCKEY CLUB BBS IS ON THE AIR

The Jockey Club introduces THE JOCKEY CLUB BBS. This is an computer bulletin board system you contact through your personal computer and modem. By just dialing our computer's telephone number (818) 509-9428, you will be in touch with hundreds of other guys who are turned-on to men in **jocks, briefs and gym & swim gear**

After completing a questionnaire, you'll be able match-up with the men who have the same interests as you. You'll be able to send them secret electronic mail, post public messages, read hundreds of hot stories, read public messages add comments to them. You can order merchandise for next morning shipment, read reviews of all of the latest gay videos. You'll also be able chat live on-line in the future. Jockey Club Members pay only $1.00 an hour for the service and non-members pay only $2.00 an hour.

If you don't have a personal computer to take advantage of this great service, all of the equipment necessary to communicate with the Jockey Club BBS can be purchased for less than $200.00.

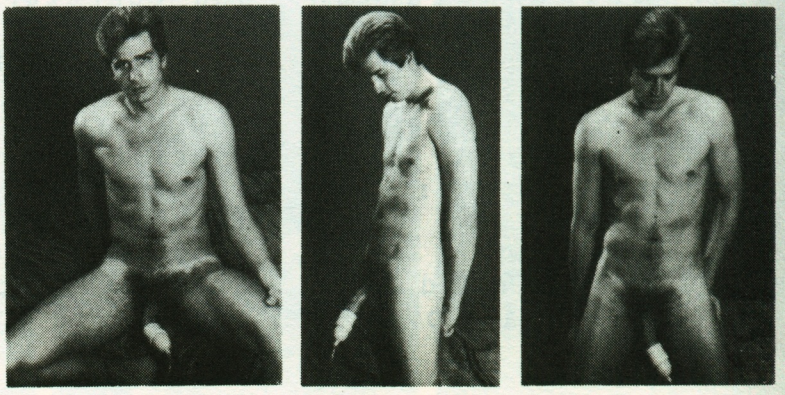
NEW

Strokes Up and Down Your Penis...All By Itself!

Once you've introduced your penis—hard or soft— to the incredible new Oro-Simulator, your hands never touch your cock! The ingenious remote activator does all the work for you! All by itself the Oro-Simulator slides wetly, slickly up and down, dances enticingly back and forth, even screws crazily, wildly, round and round! No hand, no mouth could ever mold themselves as intimately, or cling so completely to your cock! Nothing but the specially designed Oro-Simulator could wrap itself around your penis like your very own second skin——like the best blow job and the wildest fuck you've ever had or ever imagined, you'll have the most soul shattering, nerve rending, hotly spasming explosion of unbridled sexual ecstasy you've had in years!

SOFT OR HARD—KEEPS ON STROKING IN ANY POSITION! EVEN WHILE YOU CHANGE POSITION!

Once you've put your *Oro-Simulator.* on your penis it stays on and keeps working. Lie on your back, on your side...kneel...sit...stand up...change from one position to another...the *Oro-Simulator* doesn't care. It continues to cling, hot and wet, gliding silkily up and down, stroking with ever maddening intensity back and forth until your vision blurs with total excitement and your balls are screaming to let go! Unlike a mouth the *Oro-Simulator* never lets go, never gets tired, never gives up, never stops moving until and unless you want it to! The pleasure is relentless, ever increasing, all consuming—at precisely the speed, motion and position that feels best for you!



Non-members $39.95
Members $28.95

USE ORDER FORM IN THIS ISSUE.

Bobby knew that he was pushing his luck. A screaming, relentless voice in his head kept shouting that he should be happy with the half-dozen Speedos and Jockey shorts that he had swiped from the Life Guard's locker room. Those three, magnificent life guards who used that small cabin on the beach to change into Speedos in the mornings and back into street clothes in the evening, would surely have missed those things over the past months of summer. He quickly reflected on his clever thief's mind that had provided him a Speedo and a pair of Jockey shorts from each of the three college-aged studs; Vic, Al and Dan.

He had been watching them as he would daily stroll the beach. Vic and Al looked enough alike to be brothers; blonde, blue-eyed, tall and without a trace of body hair except for the shock of wavy, golden hair on their heads. Dan was black; rather, a bronzed god - with a body Michelangelo would have admired as much as Teddy did. How the girls openly would hang around the tall, wooden life guard stands staring at the obscenely blatant bulges in their royal blue Speedos, so obvious to all passers-by. How the three guards would thrive on this admiration was no secret to Teddy , as he was no slouch in the looks department himself. At eighteen, standing 5'10", with his young, developing body , he wore cut-off jeans and a Brookhaven t-shirt that fit very snugly, he was the recipient of a lot of admiring looks of his own.

Oh yes, the girls on the beach openly leered, and Teddy , with his educated eyes could see the hundreds of other boys more secretly sneaking glances. How they would envy him, he mused, if only they knew that he slept with his head wrapped in the Speedos and Jockey shorts of the three Apollos.

But, back to the moment-

The door was open! On his previous **visits** to the locker room he had climbed through a window. But, this time the door was ajar. He stood in front for a long time trying to figure if the three guards could see the door from the distance at the water's edge. They seemed totally

Photos by MANCO

unaware - looking directly into the pounding surf.

He went in. The room was small, maybe fifteen square feet with a single shower stall in one corner. There were three lockers - **UNLOCKED!** Except for the long wooden bench in front of the lockers and the score of pictures of semi naked women on the walls, the small wooden room was devoid of refinements. Quickly he sat on the bench, wishing silently that he **was** that bench that was daily the seat for those three bubblebutts. He opened all three lockers. They were riddled with old Speedos, Jockey shorts, levis and athletic shirts, and many tired sweat socks. The only light in the room came from two small windows that had the typical beach variety shutters; hinged on the top to protect the room from an angry ocean.

The Jockey shorts on the tops of each pile would be the ones that the guards had worn to work that morning, and Teddy scooped them up with a vengeance. Their clean, but worn status gave him an instant hard-on. All reason fled from his mind. He knew enough to run out of the door and enjoy them in the safety of his own room, but instead he thrust them, one by one over his head, pulling the waistbands tight around his neck to inhale and absorb the manly smells of young studs. They all but cut off all light. Suddenly, in a flash, all light was gone, along with the crashing sound of both large shutters being dropped at once.

Clumsily, he pulled the Jockey shorts off his head and tried to accustom his eyes to the dark room. An overhead, hanging light came on, just as he slipped into a pair of tight Speedos.

The three sexy life guards were standing around him in a semi-circle, hands on hips, crotches at eye-level. He jumped in a futile effort to flee. The strong hands of Vic grabbed his shoulders and pulled his Speedo-clad butt back to the bench, swinging him to the side and pushing his back flat on the bench. Vic raised his leg and swung astraddle the bench and Teddy , sitting hard on Teddy 's upper chest. Even in the intense fear of the moment, Teddy wouldn't help but stare at the straining confines of the royal blue Speedos only inches from his face.

Vice applied all his weight, pinning Teddy . Dan straddled the bench above and behind Teddy 's face, and Teddy felt the pressure of Dan's crotch against his hair as Dan sat down on the bench with his knees touching Vic's. Teddy then felt the weight of Al as he lowered his ass onto Teddy 's crotch and, in spite of himself, Teddy got an instant, raging hard-on from the sensation of young firm nylon covered ass pressing against young, hard, nylon covered cock.

"Well, what do we have here?" Dan asked.

"I'll tell you what we've got," said Al. "We got a faggot thief! And, he's got a boner!"

"I told you we'd catch him if we left the door open! I'll teach him to rip off my swim trunks," Vic shouted.

Dan asked the other two,"What do we do? Beat the shit out of him or call the cops?"

Al shouted,"Or both!"

Vic looked down at Teddy . "Lemme talk to him first. Hey, kid. What the fuck do you want my dirty shorts for? Are you some kind of fucking nut? I left money in the lock, and all you take is some

crappy shorts and an old Speedo! I can't figure it."

Al looked at his life guard buddies and said, "I told you he's a faggot! My ass have him a boner! He sniffs the stains and jacks off with it! You saw him with my jockeys over his head! He's a fucking pervert!"

"So, call the fucking cops!" Dan shouted.

Now, Teddy realized fully the spot he was in. The cops! What if his folks found out? He couldn't help it. He started crying and screaming, pleading for sympathy in sobbing, whining cries.

"Oh, shit, if he keeps carrying-on like this he'll bring the whole fucking beach crowd up here," Vic said.

Dan looked at Teddy and said, " I'll shut him up -- Easy!"

Dan raised his rock hard ass from the bench, and for an instant, Teddy saw the underside of his crotch pass over his teary eyes, followed by the twin globes of his ass, so perfectly outlined from the sweaty Speedos, the crack looking like his ass was sprayed blue- but, just for an instant - because Dan lowered his ass onto Teddy 's face as he screamed uselessly into 180 pounds of pure **MAN ASS** sitting firmly on his face.

A myriad of sensation engulfed Teddy ; fear, horror, and every other feeling of fright imaginable but, through it all, he realized the unthinkable was going to happen. How could he not become sexually excited? Three, bronzed, beautiful gods - the object of months of fantasies as he lay in his bed masturbating with their Speedos and Jockey shorts over his

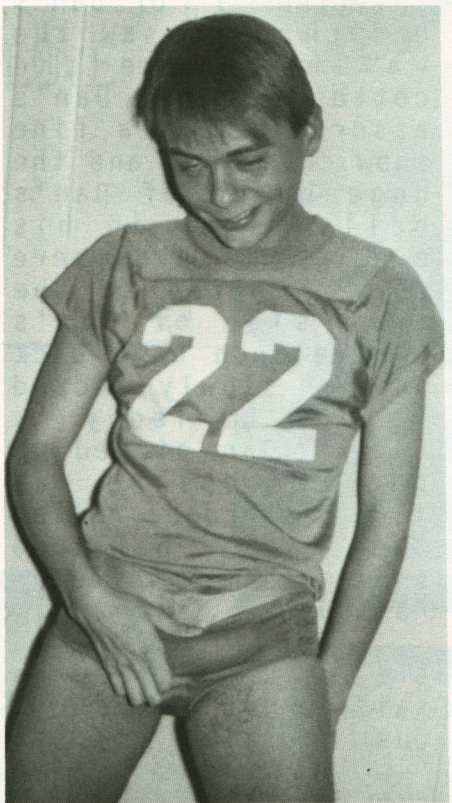
head - now sitting on his face, his chest, and his throbbing, pulsating cock which was screaming for release. It was Dan's ass on his face, that feeling of nylon covered, rock-hard ass pressing firmly, engulfing his nose with the all too familiar scents of Dan that finally did it. Teddy convulsed so severely that he almost unseated the three studs atop him- and he came with a fury unknown to him. He felt his cum building up in his balls and expand his cockbase. The creamy white fluid burst through his prick shaft and blast against the dam of his tight white nylon Speedos causing his orgasm to last longer than any he had experienced in his 18 years!

Al shouted to the others, " Well! Look at this! The fucker just shot off! He's got my Speedos all **cummy** , the asshole! What a fucking little faggot we got here! I'll show him, man!"

Al got up from Teddy 's crotch and mover to Dan's spot on his face. Dan got up and took a side seat to watch he fun as Al straddled Teddy 's head, this time facing forward. He reached in his Speedos and adjusted the big cock so prominently pushing the nylon to it's legal limit, straight downward, over his balls and between his legs, making his crotch look like an inverted Unicorn.

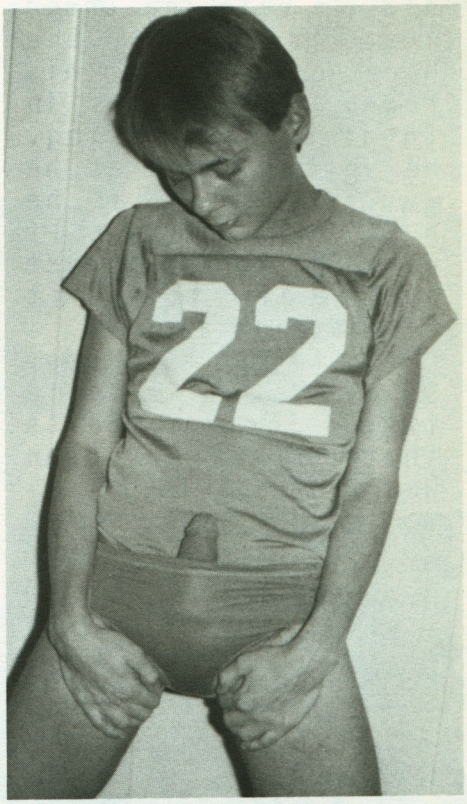
"Okay," shouted Al, " You wanna suck on Speedos? HERE!"

Teddy screamed out loud, and Al seized the opportunity to fill his mouth to it's limit with a



nylon-covered, rock hard cock. He grabbed Teddy 's head with both hands and began a rhythmic and forceful face fuck that had Teddy grasping for air. His cries of fear became helpless muffled whispers.

"I'm gonna cum!" screamed Al. "I'm gonna shoot a load in the kid's open mouth



through these fucking Speedos! Here it is.....Ahhhhhhhh. Ugh....."

Teddy tasted the hot load of cum sliding into his mouth through the nylon colander while Al squeezed Teddy 's head into a vice-grip with his powerful thighs.

Vic, also, couldn't hold back any longer, still sitting on Teddy 's chest behind Al.

"Wow! That was fucking hot! Get off his face cause I'm next"

Like an assembly line, Vic reluctantly withdrew the now wet, sticky bulge of slightly softened cock from Teddy 's mouth, and Al simply slid

forward and took his place, reaching under and alternating the hardened cock with his round, full balls in their nylon casing. He yelled aloud as he gave Teddy what he had been secretly desiring to experience instead of just fantasizing about.

Off to the side, Dan picked up the three Jockey shorts that Teddy had been wearing when they

discovered him.

"So, this dude likes Jockey shorts, huh?" Dan asked. "Okay, I'll give you Jockey Shorts!"

As Al and Vic sat on Teddy 's chest and trunk, Dam stood right next to his head and slowly stripped the dampened Speedos off his hard and round ass, having difficulty getting the waistband over his gigantic cock and huge thighs. Kicking them in a corner, he put on the Jockeys, one over the other. He pulled his enormous cock through the three flies, swung his leg over Teddy , and for a while just straddled his face, still standing. Teddy looked up into the inverted "V" of Dan's crotch. He saw the valley where the cotton entered Dan's asscrack like a fine snow covering, and the huge bulge of Dan's balls right in his eyes. His eyes were then riveted to the underside of Dan's twelve inch hard dick as Dan slowly jacked it off in Teddy 's face. Dan picked up the Speedos he had just discarded, rolled then into a ball and shoved them into Teddy 's mouth.

Teddy tried to speak by Dan said,"Don't talk, Boy! Just smell!"

With that, dan sat on Teddy 's face. The cotton of his multi-jockeys absorbed the tears, the Speedos absorbed the cries, and Dan's cotton covered ass absorbed Teddy 's head/ Dan rode his face! He **occupied** it like a cowboy in a saddle. He never ceased furiously beating his meat until at last, he started breathing hard. With a loud moan, he raised his ass of Teddy 's face, pointed his gorged cock at Teddy 's mouth, and shot what seemed like a pint of fresh jism into the wadded Speedos in Teddy 's mouth.

They warned Teddy that a worse fate awaited if he tried another theft. Just as Teddy was contemplating **when** he would break-in again, Vic handed him a piece of paper with a phone number on it, reading, 'I have a draw full of Speedos and shorts at home. Call me!"

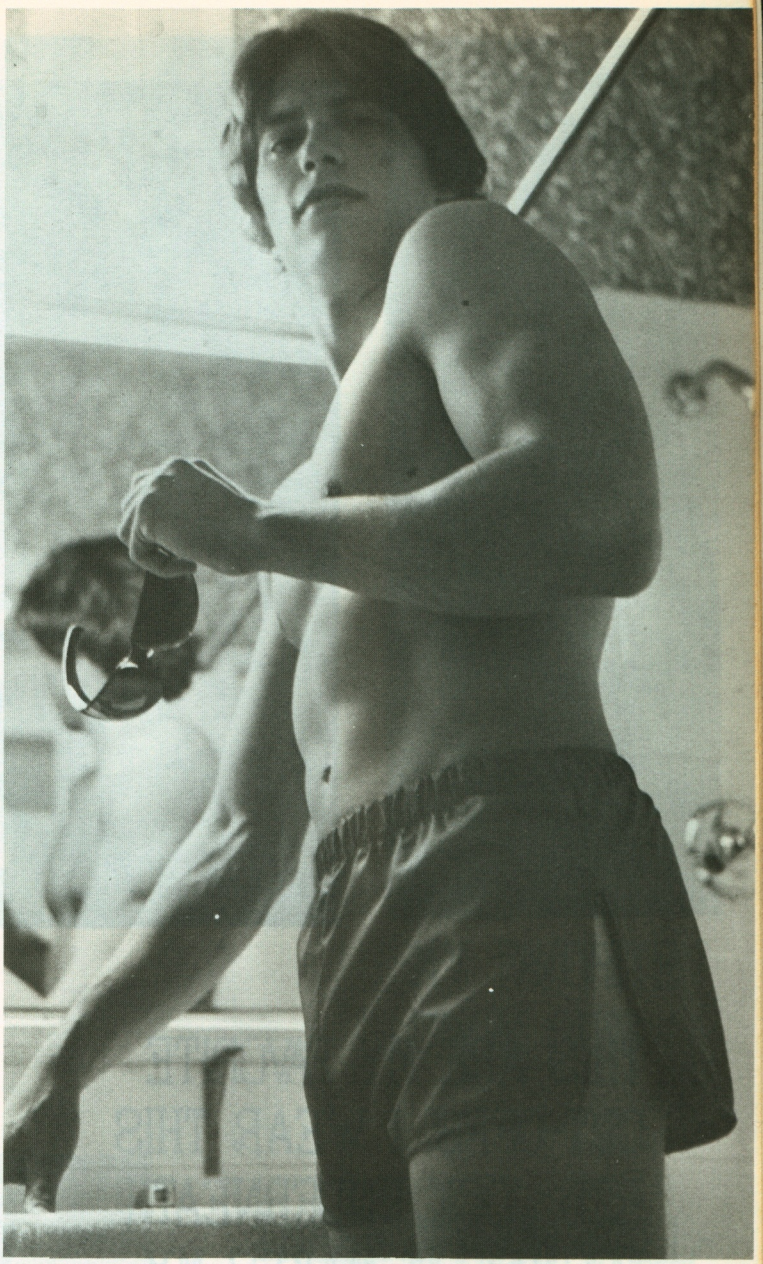
THE END

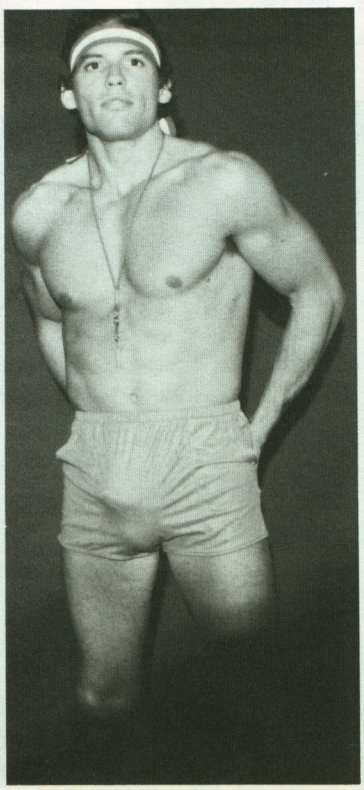
DEAR JOCKEY CLUB:

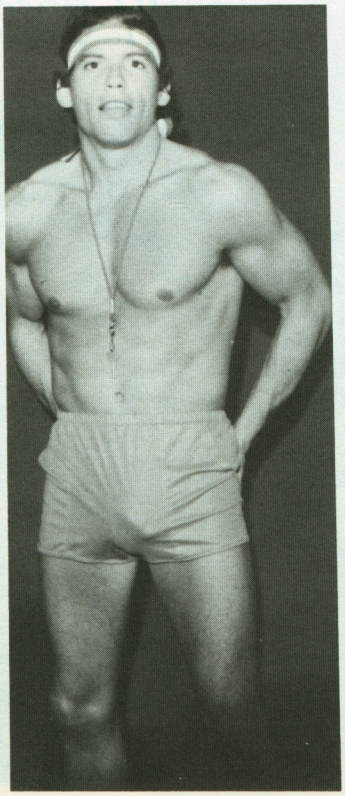
I PROMISED IN MY LAST LETTER TO SEND YOU SOME PICTURES OF ME WEARING MY FAVORITE GEAR. HERE THEY ARE. IT WOULD BE A REAL TRIP FOR ME TO HAVE YOU PRINT THEM.

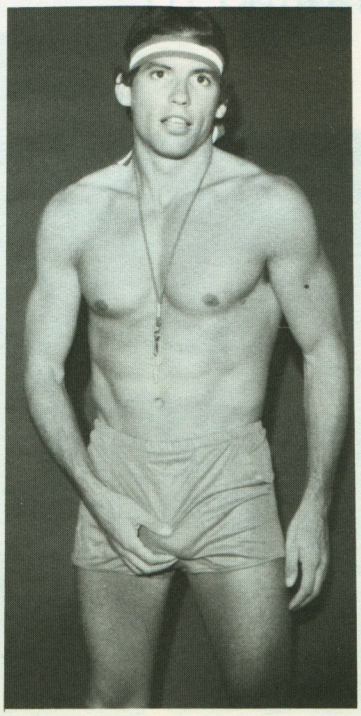
AS YOU CAN SEE I LOVE ALL KINDS OF GEAR.

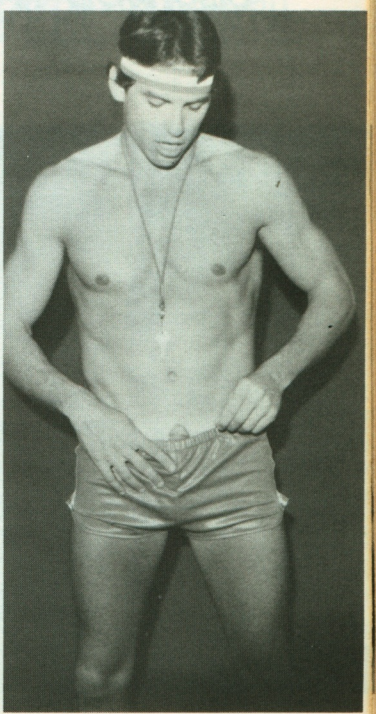
-GREG

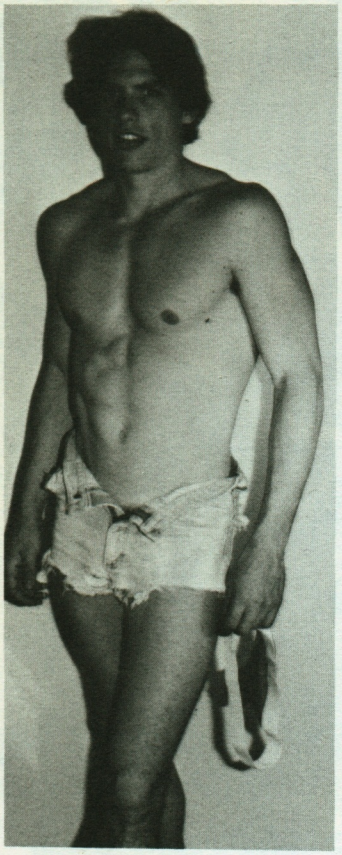


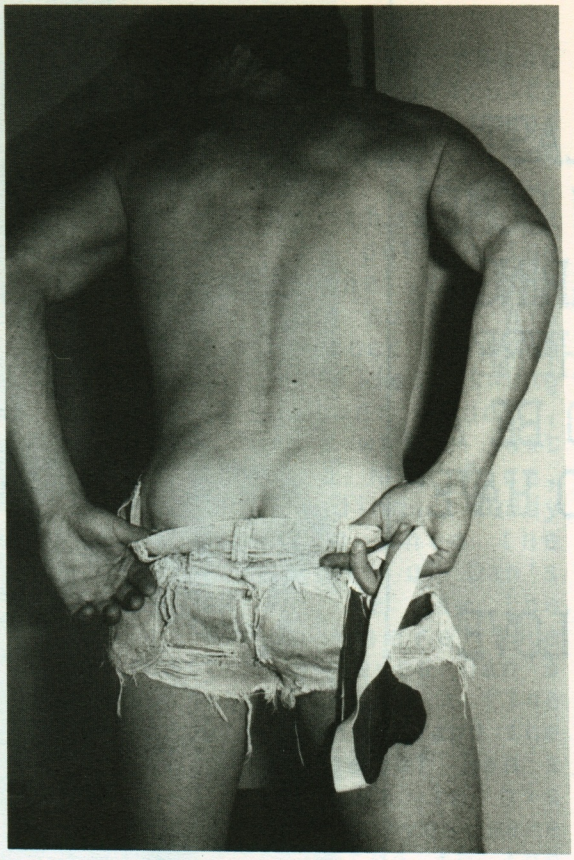


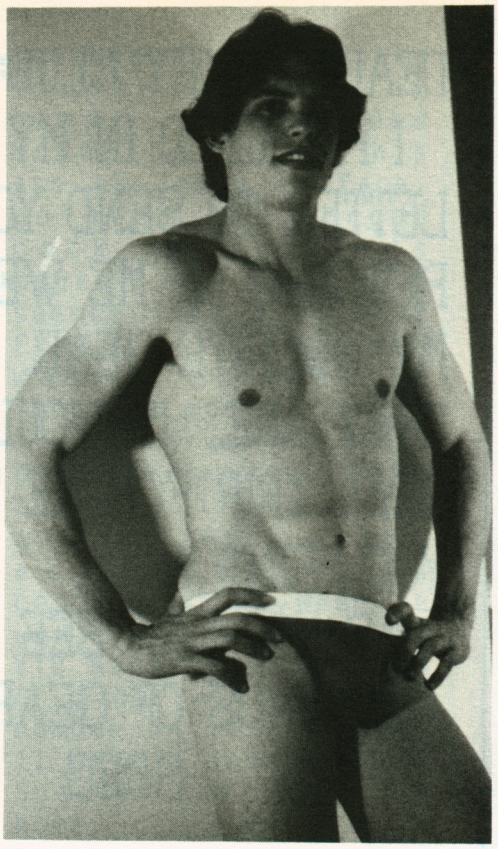




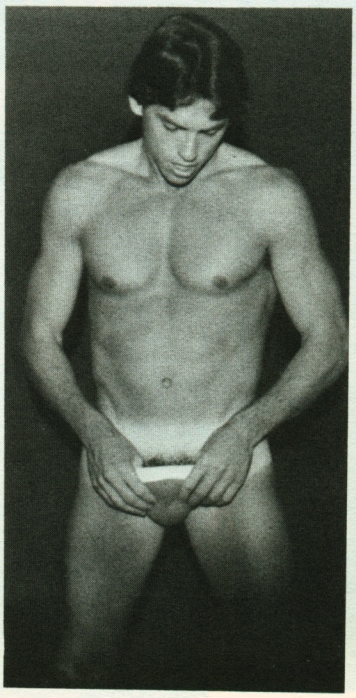


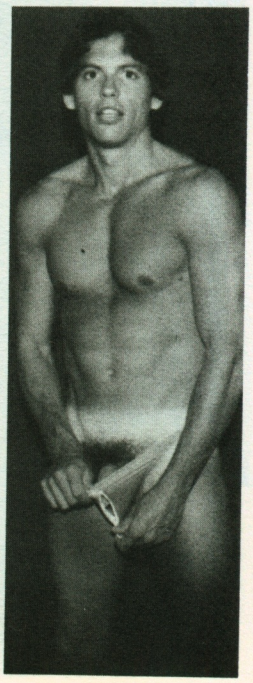


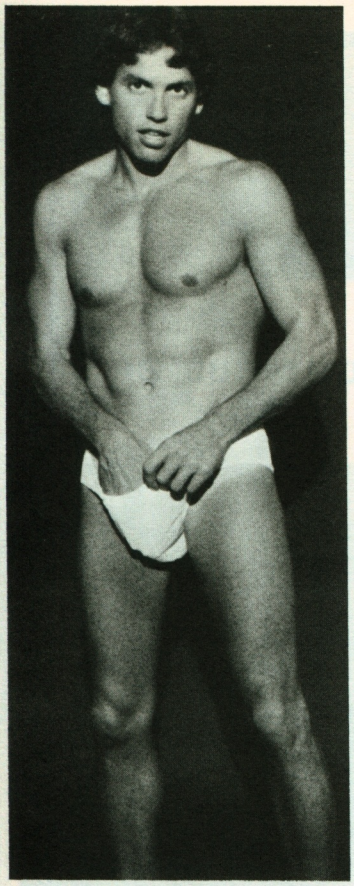


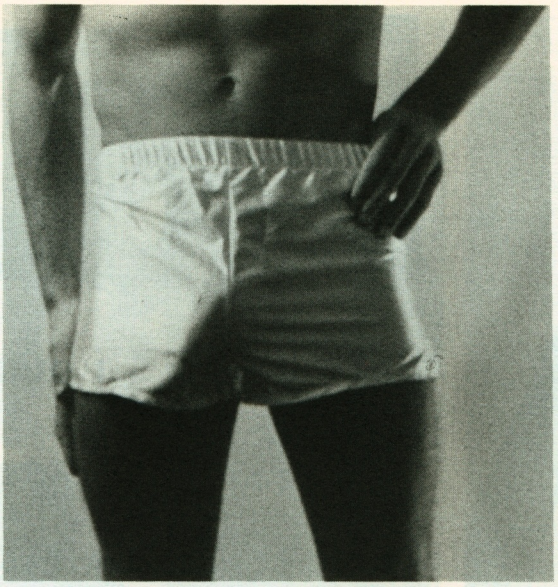


THIS ARE MY FAVORITE CUT-OFFS. I WEAR THIS RED JOCK UNDERNEATH BECAUSE IT MAKES MY BASKET LOOK VERY BIG. IT HAS A HOLE UNDER THE WAISTBAND TO SLIP MY COCK THROUGH.

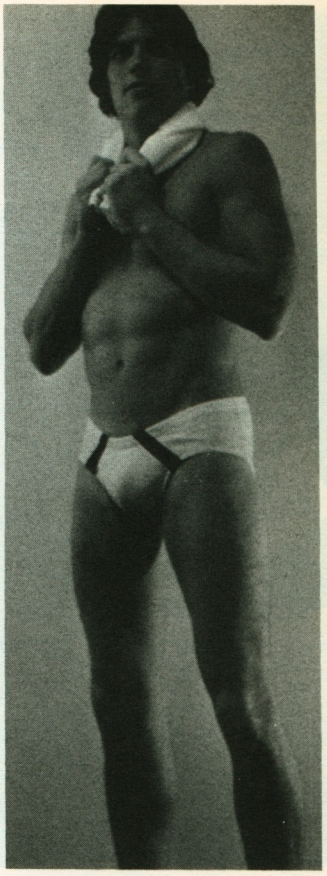






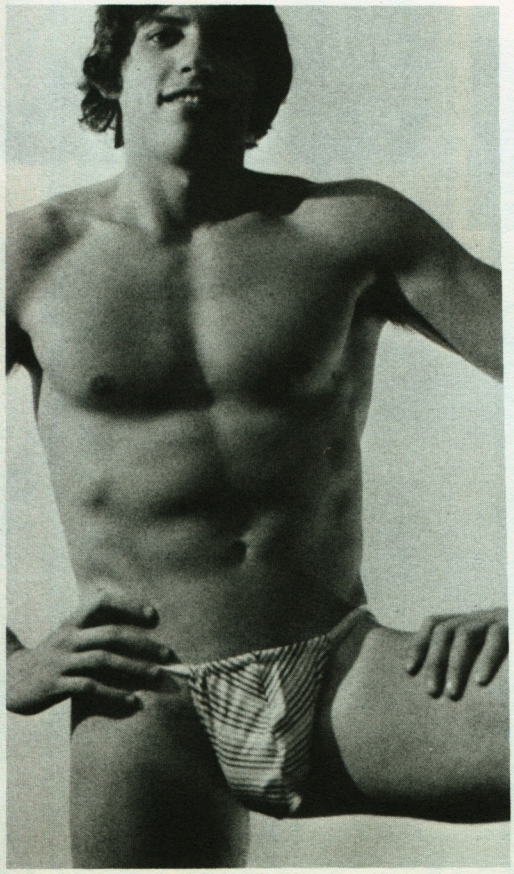


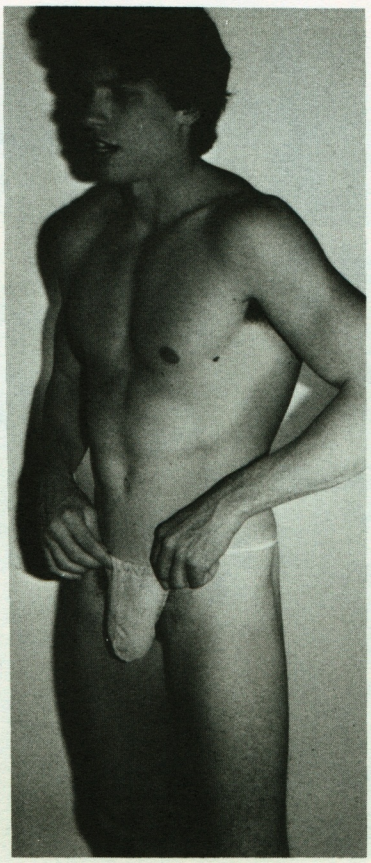
THIS IS MY ONLY
PAIR OF BOXERS.



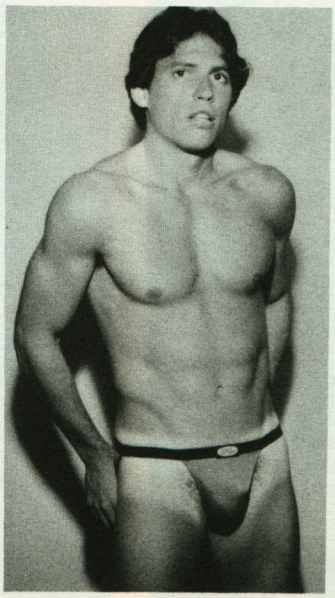
MY FAVORITE
SWIM SUIT.

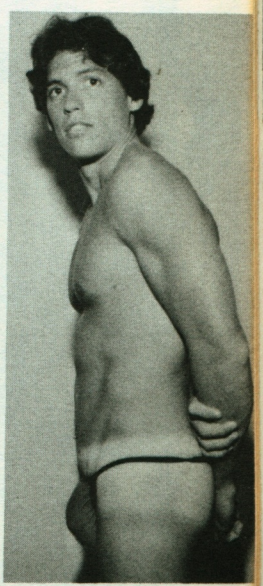
I USUALLY
WEAR THESE
JOCKEYS.

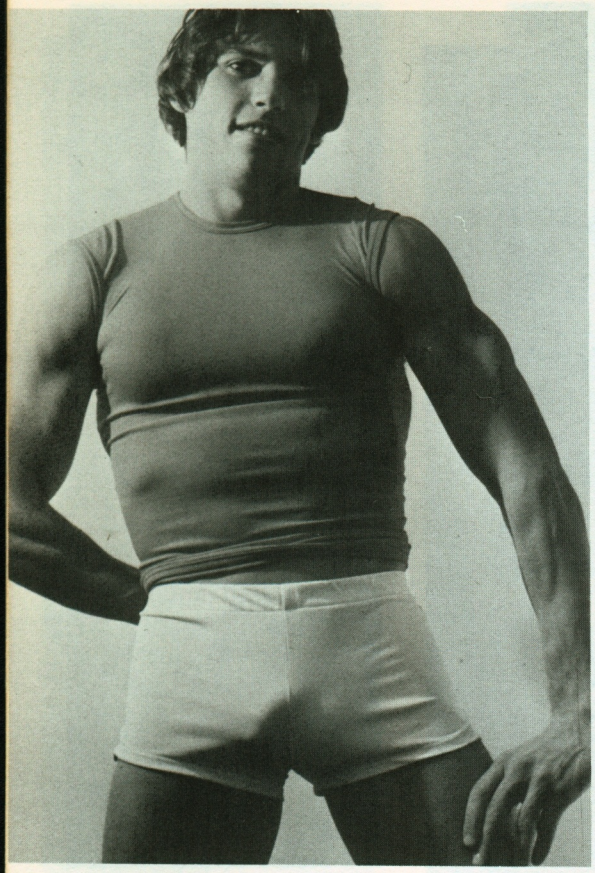


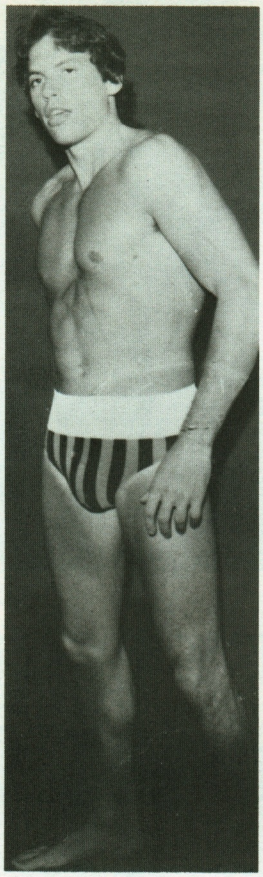


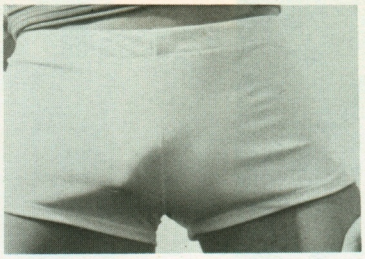
THESE NYLON BALL-
BAGS FEEL GREAT!!



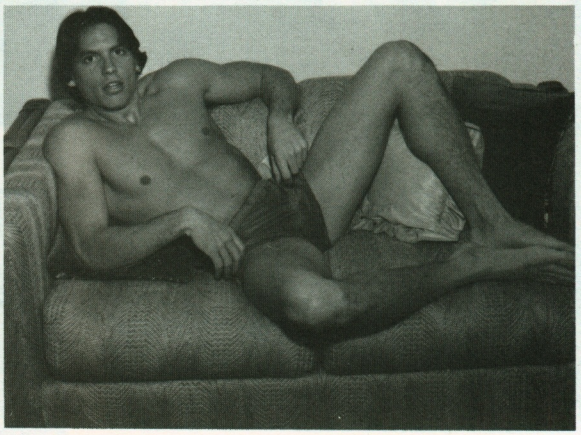




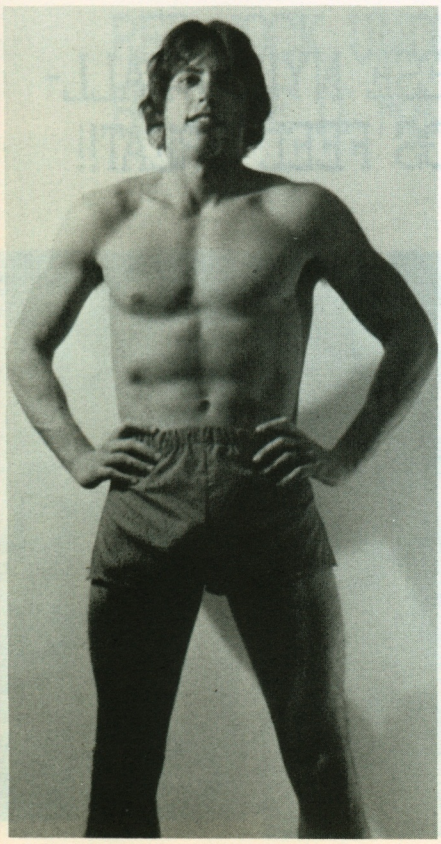


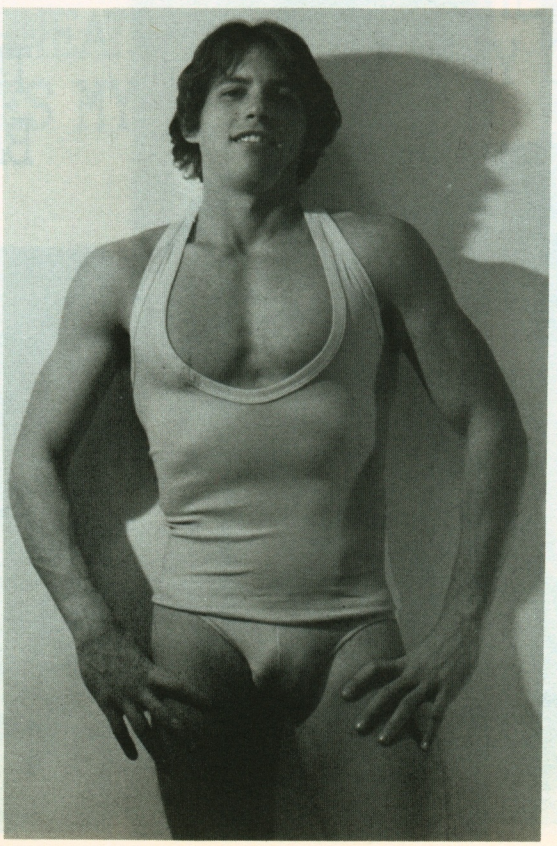


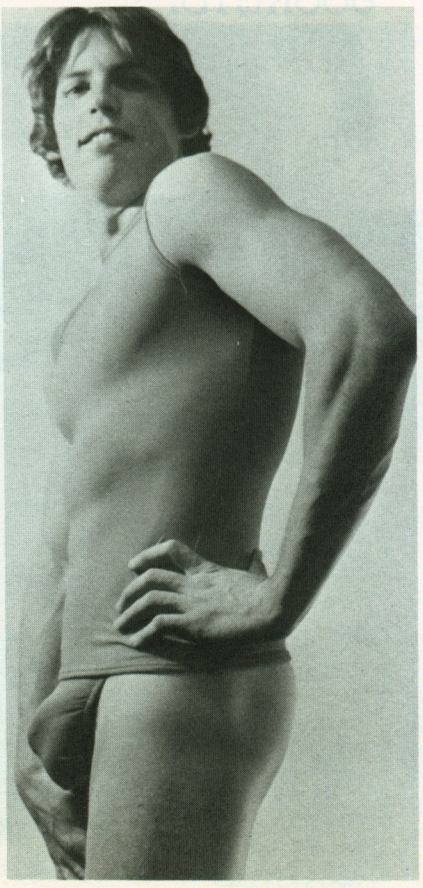
I OWN ABOUT 400 BRIEFS

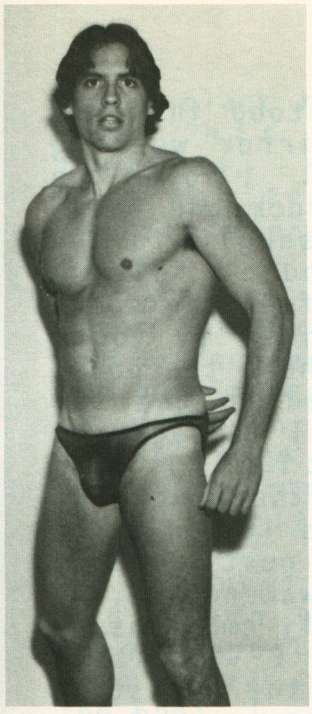


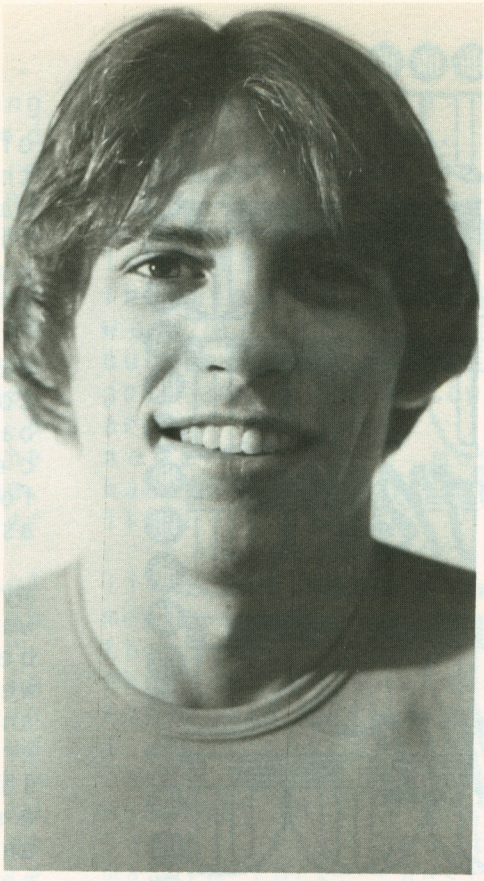
I USUALLY WEAR A
JOCK UNDER THESE
TIGHT WHITE TRUNKS



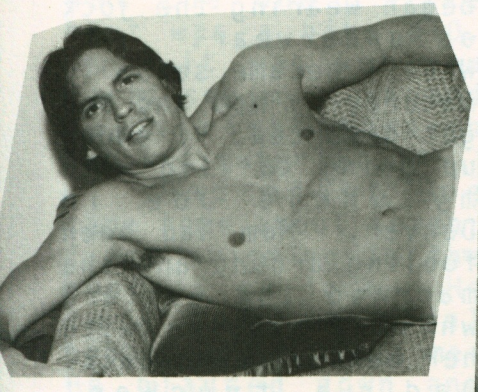


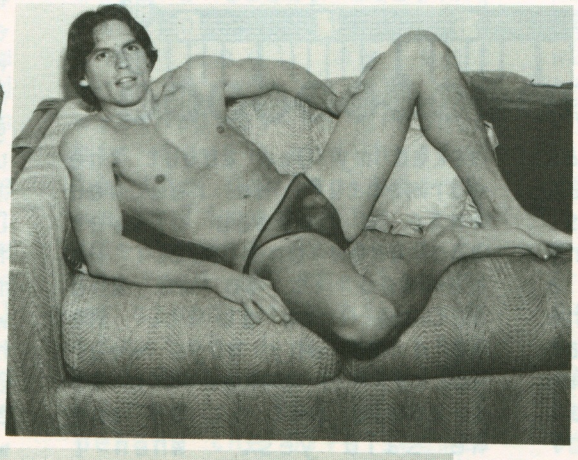


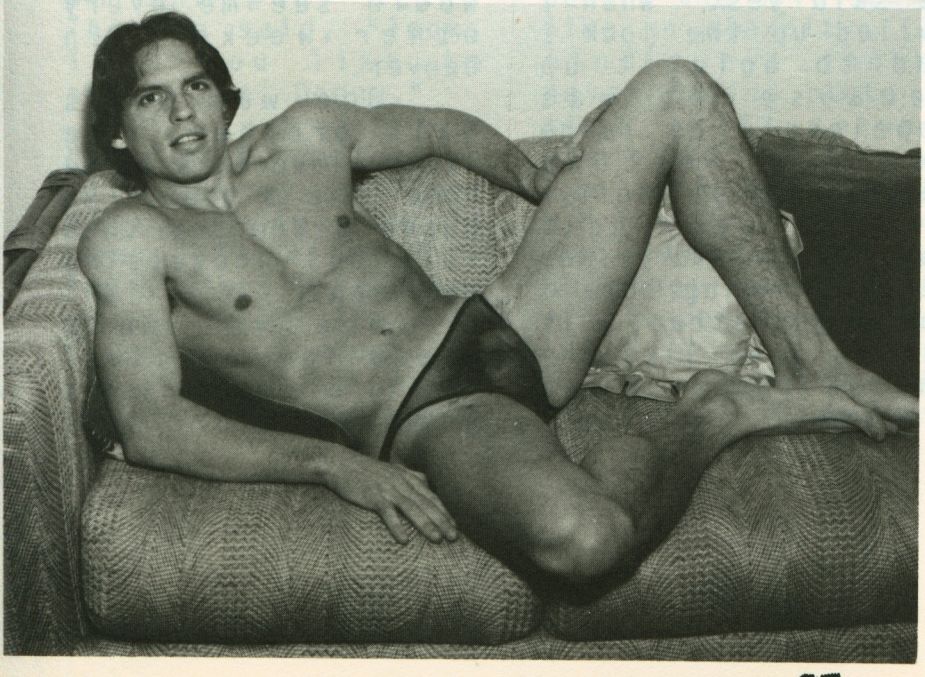


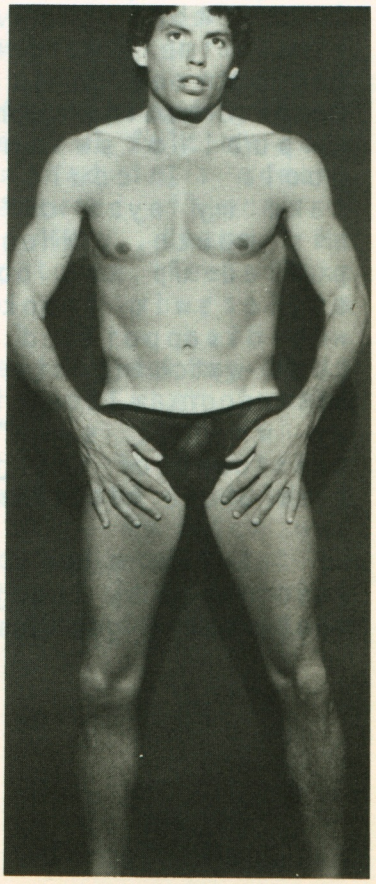


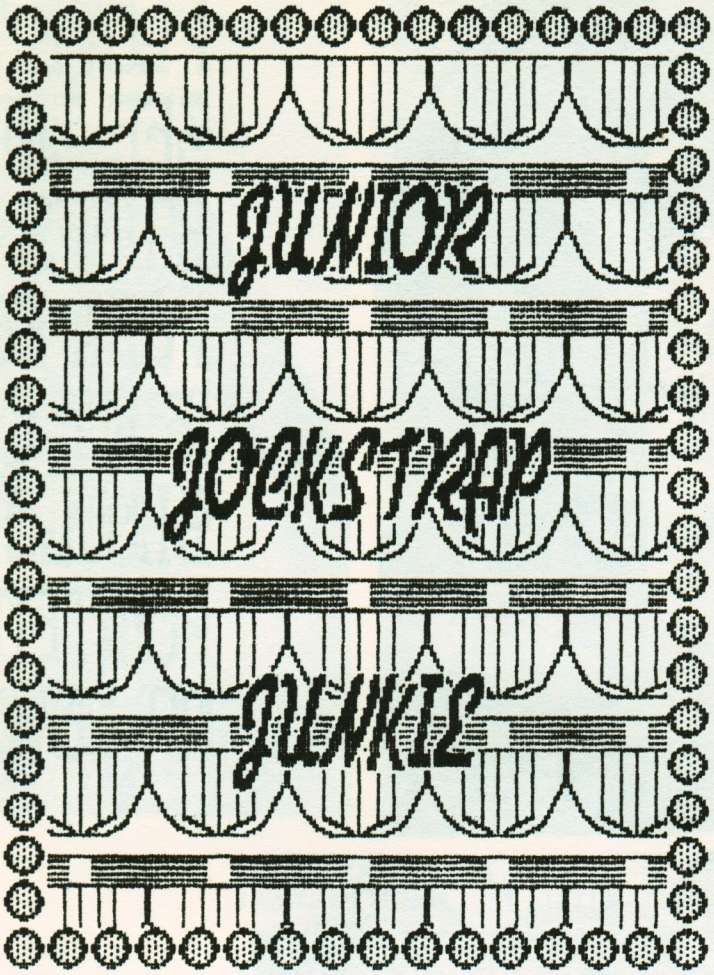
I LOVE THESE SEE THROUGH BRIEFS. BUT, I CAN DECIDE IF MY COCK SHOULD BE POINTED UP OR DOWN.











Ever since I was a kid I have been crazy for jockstraps. I remember the very first time I watched a man put one on in the men's dressing room at a public swimming pool. I could not take my eyes off of his pouch. When he pulled up the boxer style swim trunks I was disappointed. I kept watching him all afternoon. It excited me when I saw the waistband of his jock rise above his trunks.

I was so fascinated by the jock that when I got home I asked my Dad about the garment. He reached into a bureau drawer and drew one out. He handed it to me and let me look at it. He told me why guys wear jocks. I asked him if I could put it on and he said yes. When I pulled up the jock I had to hold it up because it was hopelessly to large for me. My Dad laughed and so did I.

The very next day, my Dad surprised me by bringing home a boy's jockstrap. It fit me just like the guy at the pool had fit him.

I stood in front of my mirror wearing the jock. I loved the way my cock and balls fit so snugly in the pouch and it felt so good to feel the spot, right under my young balls, where the pouch connected to the leg bands. I massaged my cock till I was forcing the pouch out as far as it would go.

The next morning, my Dad awakened me. I was really embarrassed because I was still wearing the jockstrap and my cock was fully erect. But, Dad just laughed at the sight and never said anything else. So, I began wearing the jock as underwear.

When I became sexually mature, my Mom and Dad got divorced. I ended up going to live with my uncle Joe in Denver. Mom had been fooling around and she married the bastard who was playing with her behind Dad's back. Dad, a trucker, promised me that he would see me every other weekend in Denver.

Joe was Dad's half brother. He lived alone in a large home with a pool. He owned a company that sold oil processing equipment.

Joe was very masculine. He was strong and possessed a great build. His

curly black hair hung over his tanned forehead. He had a rich tan from being shirtless on the job sites.

About a week after I moved in with him he decided to keep the pool heater turned on and even bought a bubble to go over the pool for winter usage. It was Early October at the time.

I loved the pool and often had high school buddies over. When I was alone in the pool, I would skin down my Speedos and swim in just my jockstrap. I had three different styles but the one I like best was a bike #10. When it was wet you could see my cock and balls right through the wet material.

One night Joe came home about seven. I was swimming in the pool in my jock. He came into the pool bubble and greeted me. He glanced down and saw my Speedos lying on the pool deck. Then he said, "looks like you like to skinny dip, Donny."

"Ah...well...actually, I've got my jock on, Alex. I swim in it when I'm alone," I replied while reaching my arm out of the pool to grab my Speedos.

"Don't put those on because I'm here. You can swim in whatever you like. I think I'll go for a dip with you," he said and then turned and left the bubble. A few minutes later he was entering the bubble wearing just a jock and a white towel around his neck. I'd never seen a more handsome sight in my life.

He looked just like the man in the men's dressing room at the public pool. I experienced the same emotional thrust that I experienced then. The only difference was that this time the sight excited my mature cock, causing it to stretch and tent-out my wet jockstrap pouch. I watched as he dropped his towel and headed to the diving board. He climed the two steps and marched to the end of the board. He stood with his arms stretched above him and he dove into the water. The moment before the dive seemed like an eternity. My mind's eye took a never-fading photo of that split second. His black curls, deep tan and that tight white cotton jockstrap. It was bulging; packed with Alex's cock and balls.

By the time he surfaced from his dive, my cock had become full and stiff as a steel rod. I felt myself tremble as if the water had suddenly become cold. The muscles of my hard stomach began to tighten and relax. I was embarrassed to let Joe see me hard. And, horny, too.

Suddenly, I felt my legs being grabbed and lifted into the air and thrown. I surfaced the water just in time to receive a splash of water from Alex. I dove under the water and threw him as he had done to me. But, Joe didn't surface. He swam underwater and grabbed me around the waist. I twisted and Alex's hand slipped right over the pouch of my jetting jockstrap.

I felt his hand close over my cock then slip away. Awkwardly, we both surfaced facing each other. I felt my face turn red in a moment of awkward silence.

"Hey, Champ," He said to me,"feels like you got yourself a hell of a hard-on. Were you jacking-of in the pool when I came in?"

I was so embarrassed I couldn't speak. My dick was hard and would not go down. The craving feeling in my groin

seemed to have become more intent.

"Relax, Don. We're both men. I know how good it feels to go for a jock-swim, the feeling of the water swirling around and through your pouch. Come on, Don, don't be so up tight."

A wave of relief sweep over me. Suddenly, Joe turned and swam to the corner of the pool and climbed up to the deck. Once again, he mounted the diving board. The pouch of his jock was stretched further than it was before and since it was wet, I could see the outline of his cock and bulging balls. I was slowly realizing something for the first time in my life. I wanted Joe to have some kind of sex with me. He dove into the water and surfaced beside of me again.

"Your turn to show me how well you can dive, Don," He said.

"I don't dive much, let's just swim," I said.

"I bet your cock is still hard and you're to shy to get on the board. Go on, boy. Dive!" He ordered.

I found myself taking the order and swimming to the side and climbing out. I thought about running to the board and diving straight into the water so he wouldn't see my jam-packed jock pouch. But, something came over me and slowed me down. He had ordered me to dive so, maybe, he might want to look at my body and jock as much as I wanted to see him. I stepped upon the board and walked to the end. Joe stood still in the water. I looked at him and saw he was studying my body. Holding my hands above me and stretching my arms, I gave Joe the best view of my jock-clad body. I paused for a moment and then dove into the pool. I surfaced directly in front of him. Again, there was an awkward silence Then he said,"You sure have turned into one hell of a healthy stud, boy. Looks like you got yourself all worked up in that jock and need some relief."

"Yeah, you're right, Alex."

"You really get turned on by jockstraps don't you boy?"

"Yes, I guess I do," I admitted.

"Well...then, let's get out of here and go into my room. I gotta big collection of jocks. You can try putting on all of them. Would you like that?"

"Yeah," I heard myself mutter. I followed Joe to the edge of the pool. He climbed out directly in front of my face. I studied the lines of the ass-straps and they trailed down to the dark crevice between his legs. He turned and reached out his hand to help me out of the water. For an instance our eyes met then, my eyes travelled down his body and locked on his jockstrap. Joe was HARD! His huge cock was stretching the waistband our from his belly. He prick was pointed strait-up in

his jock just like mine was. When we stood up I caught the entire spectrum of his fully packed jockstrap pouch. I glanced up at him and saw that he had his eyes glued to my soaking wet jock-pit. After a moment he turned and led me out of the pool bubble and into the house. We stopped on the porch and began drying off. He reached over and dried my back and butt. I did the same for him. When my hand came into contact to his butt, I felt my cock jerk in my wet white cotton jockstrap.

We went into his bedroom and he directed me to sit on a couch while he opened a closet. He brought out a large box, sat it on the floor at our feet and sat down beside of me.

Inside the box were jockstraps, briefs, bikinis, posing straps and some magazines. He reached in and pulled out a magazine and handed it to me.

"Lots of guys are into jockstraps, Don. I've gotta friend named Parker in Tulsa who has the biggest collection I have ever seen. Every time I go there he has a hundred more to try on me," Joe told me.

The magazine was a complete surprise to me. I'd never seen anything like it. On the cover was a fully packed jockstrap. Really throbbing cock inside it. A big gob of pre-cum juice was oozing through the material. Right in front of the pouch was a young blond guy with his tongue sticking out. His tongue was poised to lick up the jock-wearer's sex juices.

My cock began oozing into my wet jock as I leafed through the magazine. There were pictures of guys getting sucked off right through their jock pouches. Pictures of young guys with their faces covered with hot come that had been shot-off and filtered through his buddy's sex-drenched jockstrap. Some of the shots in the back showed guys getting fucked by their buddies while both were wearing jockstraps. I was afraid I was going to cum just from looking at the pictures.

"Here, Don, try and get this hot jockstrap over that cock of yours. Better get out of that wet one." Joe handed me a jockstrap named TRIUMP. It had a two-inch waistband. As I stood and turned to change into the dry jock, Joe did the same. Then, we turned facing each other. Our cocks were rock hard. I noticed a tremor in Alex's voice. "You are one hot fucking stud, boy. You take orders pretty good, too. Do you like looking at my jockstrap?"

"Oh, yes, Alex. It's the hottest sight I ever saw," I said in all honesty.

"Then come over here and check it out, stud. You can feel it up all you want. That's what you want to do isn't, Don? ...You want to feel my pouch and have me feel up that cock of yours through that tight jock.

"Jockstrap." I heard

NEED HELP IN GERMANY ?
JOCKEY CLUB Members can always contact the men at Lucky's.

Lucky's
Manhattan
Schäfergasse 27
6000 Frankfurt
am Main 1
Tel. 069-28 43 11

myself mutter the word as I stepped forward and dropped to my knees. I reached out and gently ran my fingertips all over the hard outline of the cock and the balls through the tight cotton pouch. The warmth and aroma combined to automatically draw my face closer to the pouch. I felt Joe hands on the back of my head drawing me into his jockstrap. Closer and closer until my mouth was pressed against it.

"Good, boy. Now just go ahead and do what you want down there. You're a real good boy, Donny."

I licked at his pouch and reached my tongue far under his balls to the spot where the pouch met the leg bands. The moment my tongue tip touched that spot, I cried out and began shooting the hottest, hardest load of hot teen cum I had ever shot. My body quaked and contorted in spasms of pleasure as I realized that ever since the day in the men's dressing room at the city pool, I had wanted to do this to a man.

My cum gushed out filling my jock pouch. Joe reached down are squeezed my orgasming cock through the soaked pouch of my jock. He looked down at me and reached down into his own jock and withdrew his hard cock from the right side of the pouch and aimed his pre-cum oozing piss-slit right at my face.

My own cock was blasting its last spurts of jizz when I saw a huge gob of cum shooting from Alex's cock directly onto my face. Spurt after spurt shot into my hair, onto my cheeks, all over my lips and a big load shot directly into my mouth. I had never tasted cum except for my own but, I knew then I would never get enough of the thick and rich male nectar.

Joe dropped to his knees after the last spurt of his creamy rich cum. Slowly, he skinned the jockstrap off of his legs. He lifted it and began wiping his cum from my face. Neither of us said a word for a few minutes. Then, looking into each other's eyes, he reached the back of my shoulders and pulled me against him. We held each other in silence for what seemed like several minutes before he spoke.

Joe looked down at my jizz-soaked jockstrap and said,"looks like we're going to go through a lot of jockstraps, Donny. Right now, though, I think we should get into the shower and wash these drenched ones. Then, we'll come back in here and slip into a couple of fresh ones."

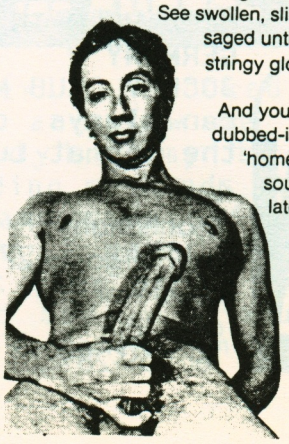
A VOYEURS DREAM Video

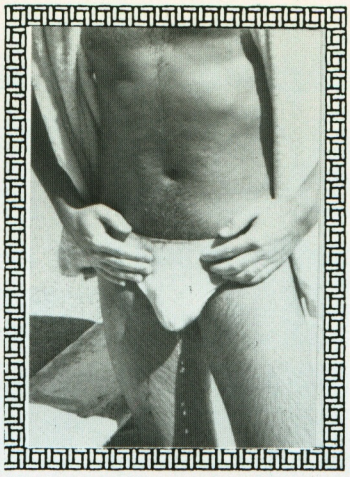
60 Minutes

Only $29.95

If you'd enjoy watching six different guys play with their long, thick boners then this video will surely hit your start button. See ballooning cock heads throb and stretch to near bursting as they expand with hot blood. See swollen, slimy shafts milked and massaged until their gooey load ejects in stringy globs. Truly a voyeurs dream come true!

And you won't hear a lot of phoney dubbed-in grunts and groans in this 'home style' movie, only a music sound track which was added later. Admittedly, some of the splicing is a little rough in spots, but, the subject matter more than makes up for any lack of professionalism. Stock No. 9-2092 VHS. Stock No. 9-2093 Beta. (60 min.) Price: $29.95.





PETER WILL CUSTOM MAKE
HIS T-BAR BRIEF SWIMSUIT
TO FIT YOU PERSONALLY.
HE MAKES EACH SUIT FROM
YOUR MEASUREMENTS.

BRIEF DESIGNS BY PETER KING

YOUR MEASUREMENTS:
1 AROUND TO 1: ____
2 AROUND TO 2: ____
3 TO 5: ____
4 TO 5: ____
2 TO 6 FRONT: ____
2 TO 6 BACK: ____

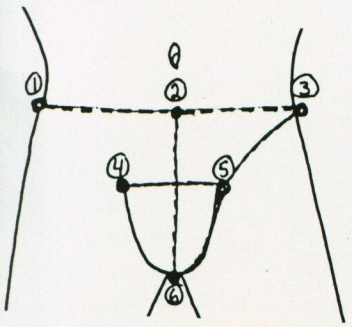
$ 29.95

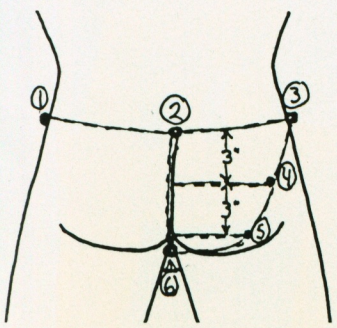
SEND YOUR ORDER TO
PETER KING
JOCKEY CLUB
3960 LAUREL CANYON
BOX 446
STUDIO CITY, CA 91604

T-BAR

POUCH FRONT
BLACK * WHITE
SHEER * SMOKEY BLUE
FLAME
NUDE DARK OR LIGHT

CREDIT CARD ORDERS
CALL JOCKEY CLUB'S
TOLL FREE NUMBERS.





GO WILD!

BODYWARE

for men

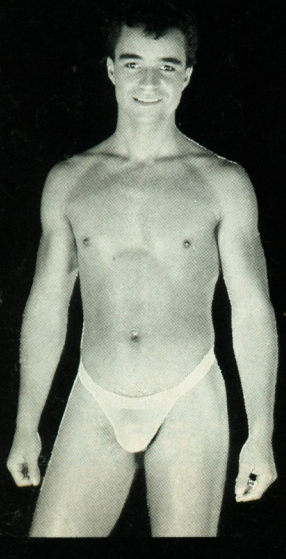
GET SEXY!

BARE IT. Black posing strap brief of sleek wet-look Cire. 1 size. #2312, $5.95

SNUGGLER. European designed sheer brief. Black or Nude. S-M-L. #2300, $7.95

DISCREET. Sleek wet-look Cire brief in assorted colors. #2319, Sm. #2320, Med. #2321, Lg. $7.95

ENHANCER. Sleek Cire front, fishnet back, brief. Black or White. S-M-L. #2306, $7.95



THE TRAP. Jock Sock brief with open back. Black or White. S-M-L. #2309, $5.95

PLAYER. Sleek, wet-look Cire bikini. Black or White. S-M-L. #2303, $8.95

USE THE JOCKEY CLUB ORDER FORM ENCLOSED WITH THIS ISSUE !!!